THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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WOMEN AS WITNESSES—By Arthur Train

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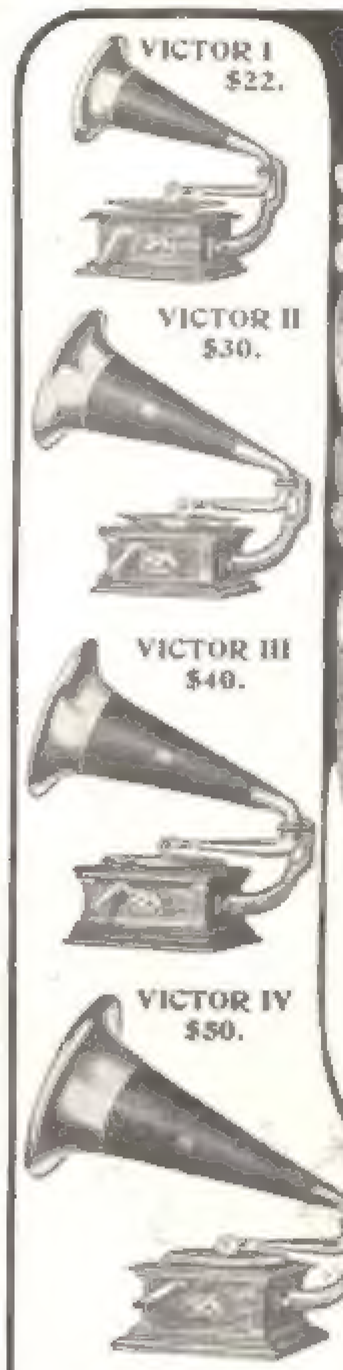

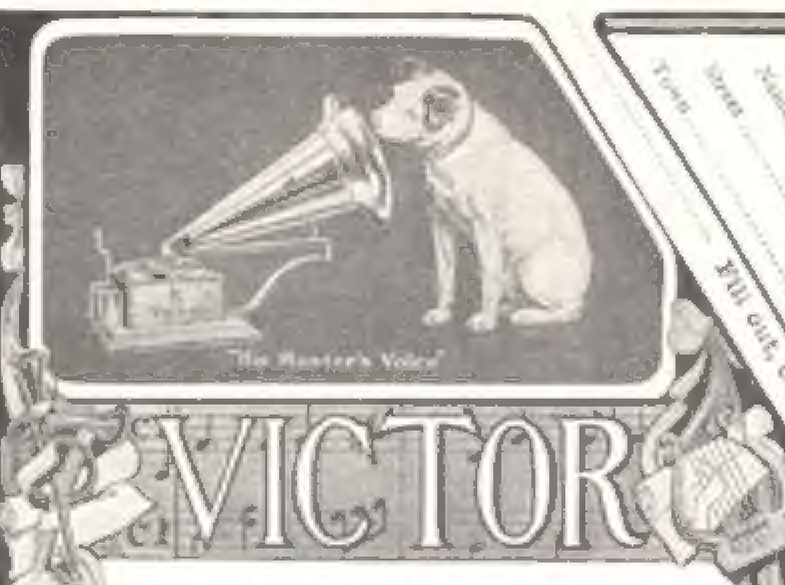

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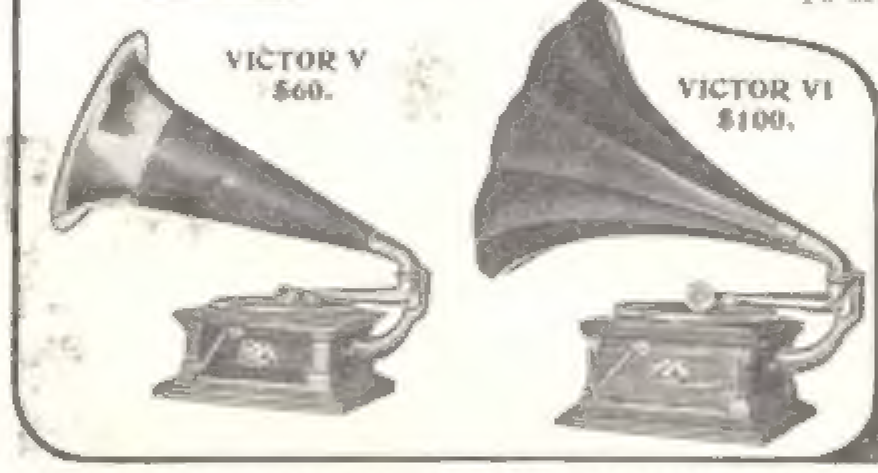

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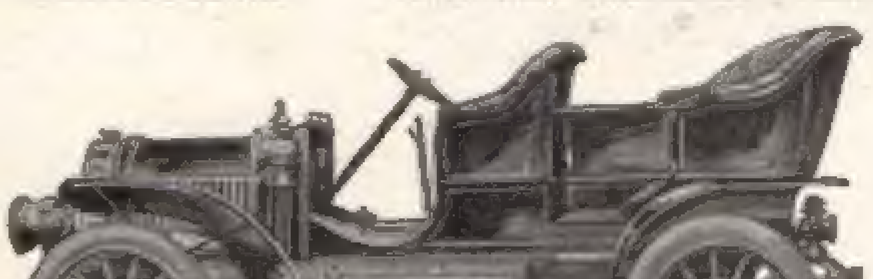

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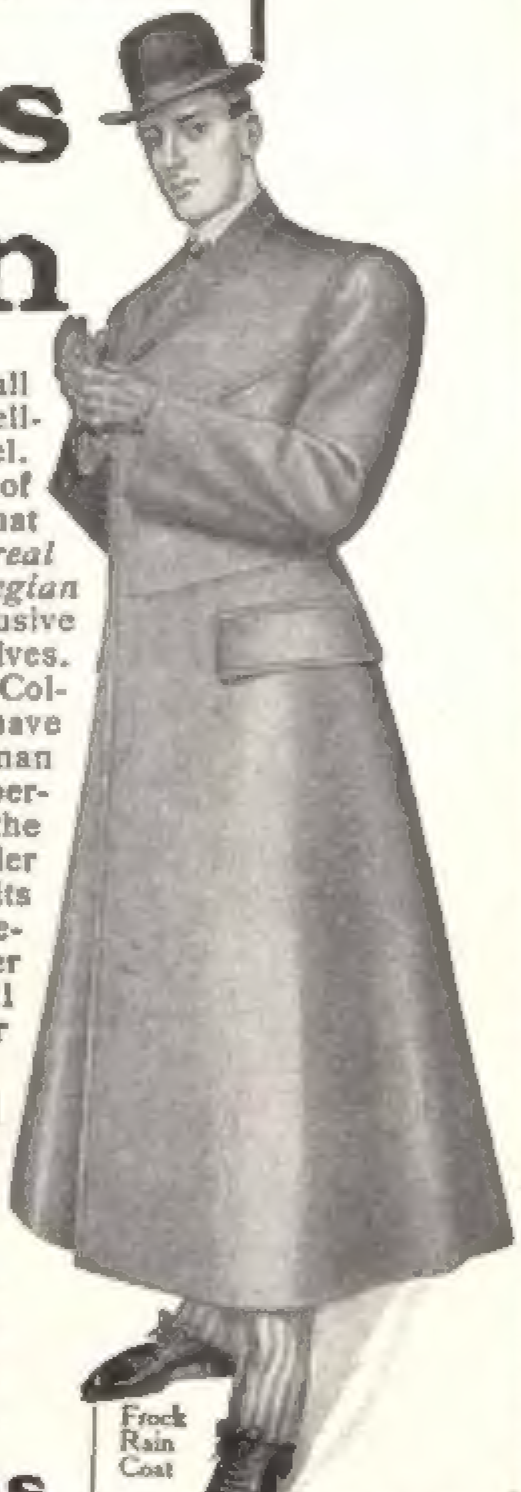

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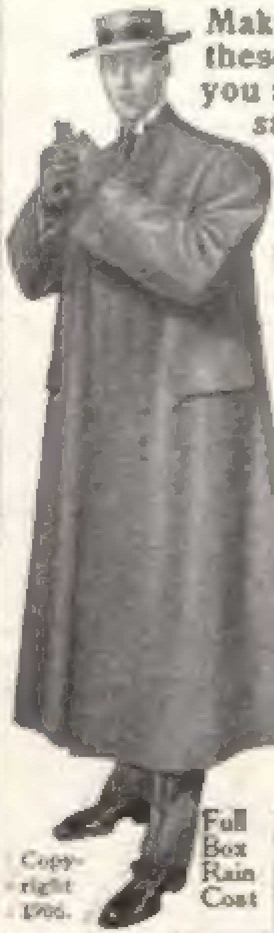

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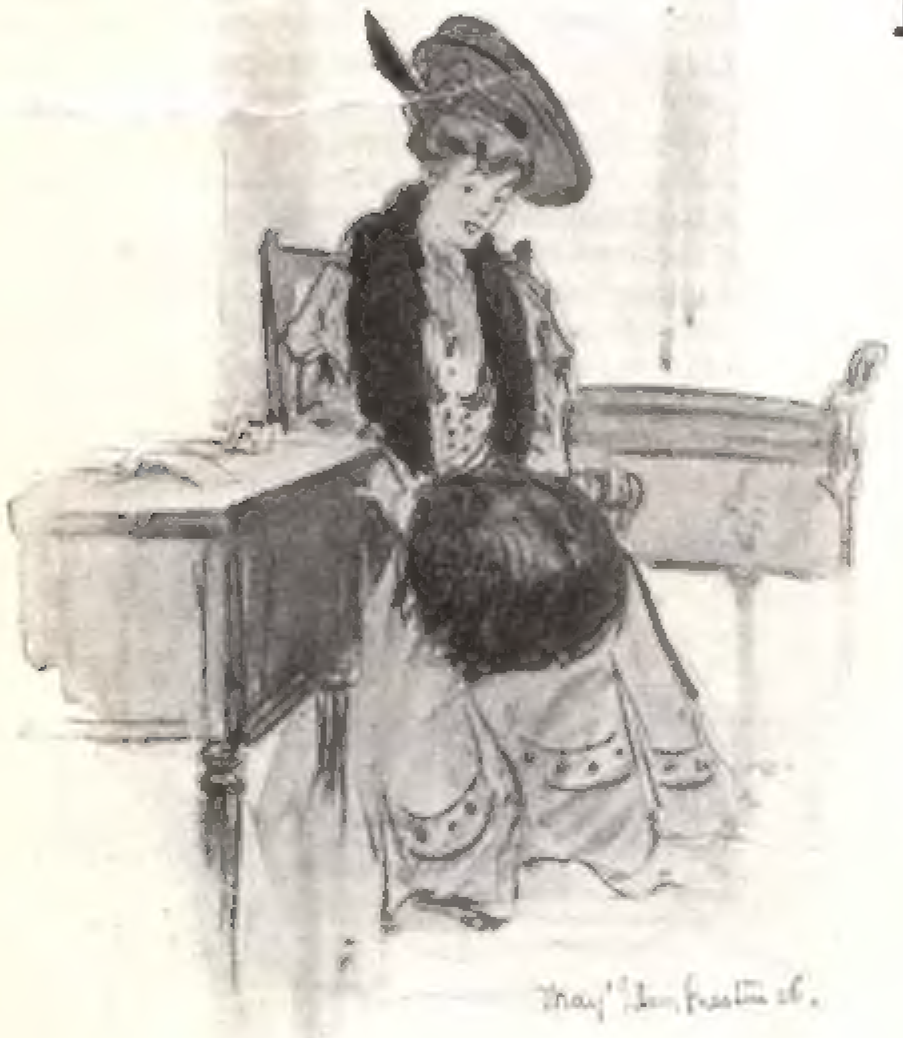
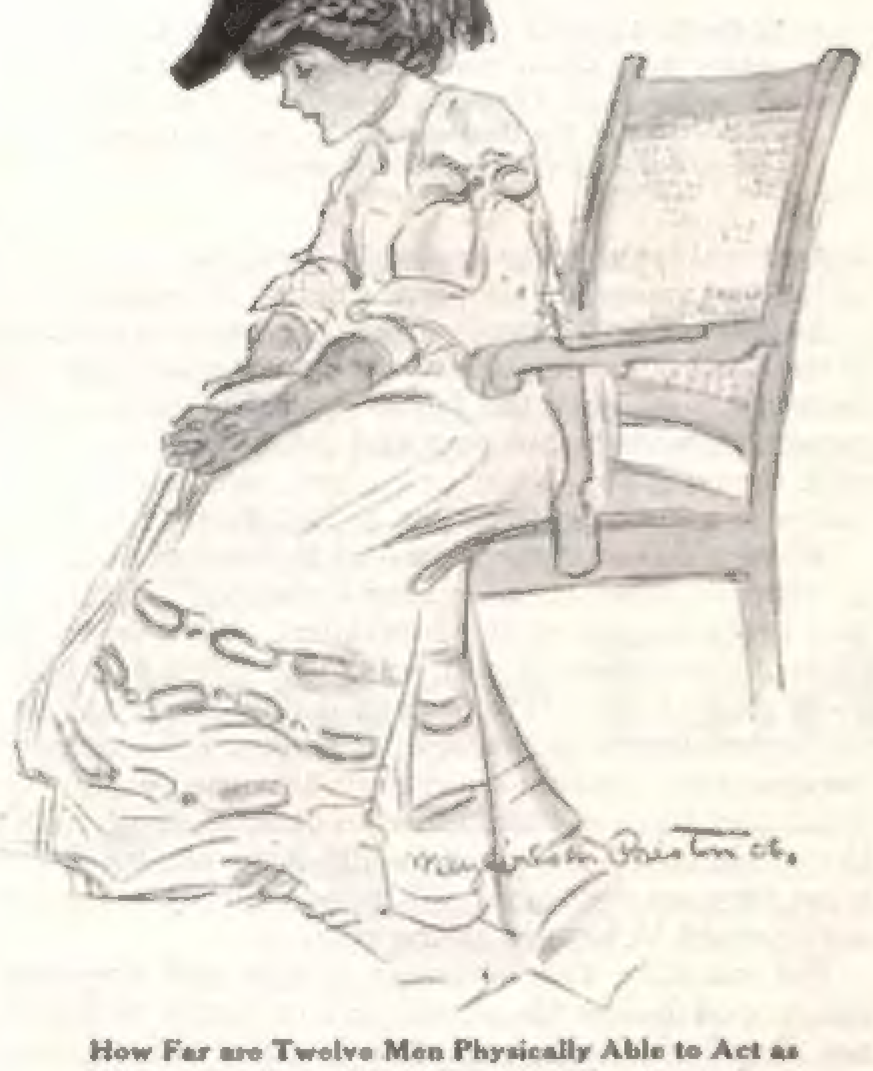
WOMEN AS WITNESSES

By Arthur Train

Author of McAllister and His Double



There was a Significant Hush in the Courtroom. Then the Witness, with a Patient Smile and a Slight Lifting of Her Pretty Eyebrows, Remarked Quietly: "Mr. Wellman, *Don't You Think We Have Carried Our Little Joke Far Enough?*"



How Far are Twelve Men Physically Able to Act as Unbiased Judges of Fact Where a Weeping and Attractive Young Woman is the Complainant?

"If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face, and you'll forget them all."

WOMEN appear in the criminal courts often as witnesses, less frequently as complainants, and comparatively seldom as defendants. To their credit be it said, they are rarely found there as mere spectators, save on the eve of some great forensic battle or when they have a personal interest in the outcome of a prosecution. As complainants are always witnesses, and as defendants may, and in point of fact generally do, become so, whatever generalizations are possible regarding women in courts of law may best be drawn from their characteristics as givers of testimony. Roughly speaking, women exhibit about the same idiosyncrasies and limitations in the witness-chair as the opposite sex, and at first thought one would be apt to say that it would be fruitless and absurd to attempt to predicate any general principles in regard to their testimony, but a somewhat more careful study of female witnesses as a whole will result in the inevitable conclusion that their evidence has virtues and errors peculiar to itself.

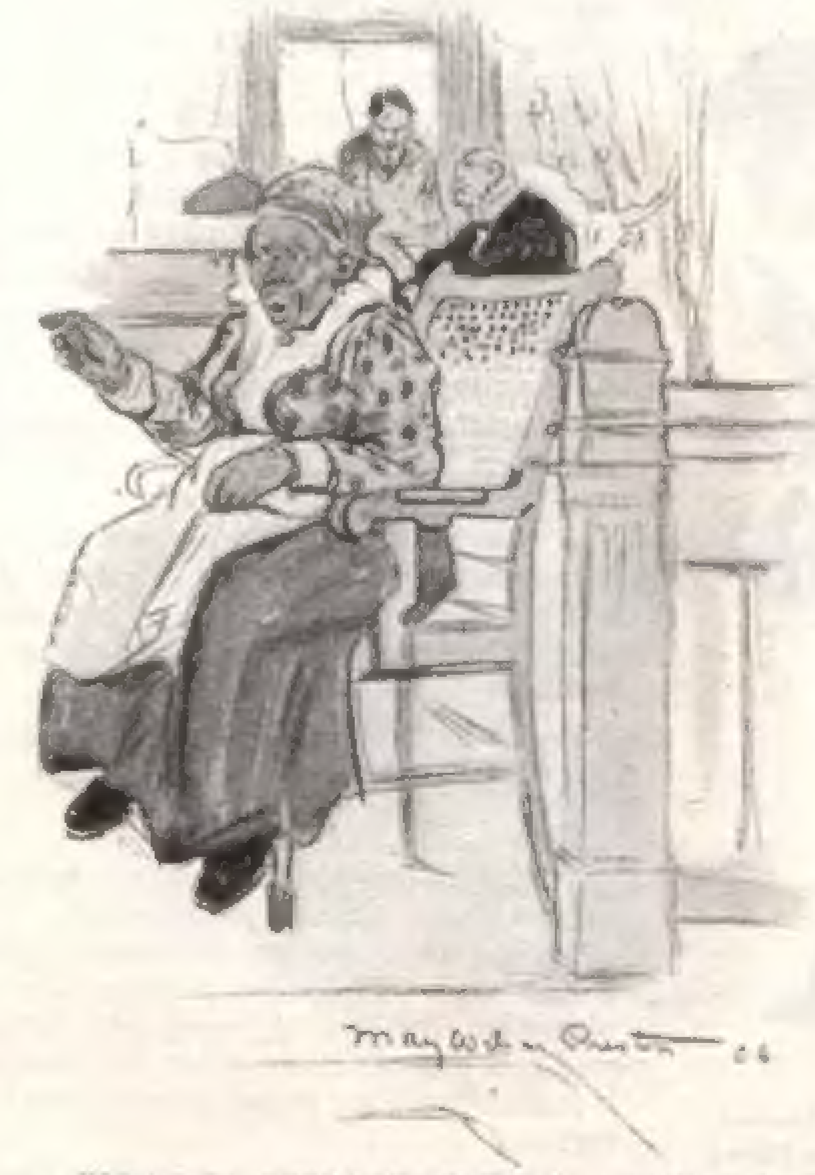
The ancient theory that woman was man's inferior showed itself in the tendency to reject, or at least to regard with suspicion, her evidence in legal matters.

"The following law," says W. M. Best, "is attributed to Moses by Josephus: 'Let the testimony of women not be received, on account of the *levity* and *audacity* of their sex'; a law which looks apocryphal, but which, even if genuine, could not have been of universal application. . . . The law of ancient Rome, though admitting their testimony in general, refused it in certain cases. The civil and canon laws of mediæval Europe seem to have carried the exclusion much further. Mascardus says: '*Feminis plerumque omnino non creditur, et id dumtaxat, quod sunt feminae, quae ut plurimum solent esse fraudulentae, fallaces, et dolosae*' ('Generally speaking, no credence at all is given to women, and for this reason, because they *are* women, who are usually deceitful, untruthful, and treacherous in the very highest degree'). And Lancelottus, in his Institutiones Juris Canonici, lays it down in the most distinct terms, that women cannot in general be witnesses, citing the language of Virgil: '*Varium et mutabile semper femina.*' . . .

"Bruneau, although a contemporary of Madame de Sevigne, did not scruple to write, in 1686, that the deposition of three women was only equal to that of two men. At Berne, so late as 1821, in the Canton of Vaud, so late as 1824, the testimony of two women was required to counterbalance that of one man. . . . A virgin was entitled to greater credit than a widow (!). . . . In the Canonical Institutions of Devotus, published at Paris in 1852, it is distinctly stated that, except in a few peculiar instances, women are not competent witnesses in criminal cases. In Scotland also, until the beginning of the eighteenth century, sex was a cause of exclusion from the witness-box in the great majority of instances."

Cockburn in his Memoirs tells of an incident during the trial of Glengarry, in Scotland, for murder in a duel, which is, perhaps, explicable by this extraordinary attitude. A lady of great beauty was called as a witness and came into court heavily veiled. Before administering the oath, Lord Eskgrove, the judge (to whom this function belongs in Scotland), gave her this exposition of her duty:

"Young woman, you will now consider yourself as in the presence of Almighty God and of this High Court. *Lift up your veil, throw off all your modesty, and look me in the face.*"



"Mistah Jones Didn't Say Nuffin' 'Bout Yo' Back at All! He Said, 'Oh! His Back!'"

Whatever difference does exist in character between the testimony of men and women has its root in the generally-recognized diversity in the mental processes of the two sexes. Men, it is commonly declared, rely upon their powers of reason; women upon their intuition. Not that the former is any more accurate than the latter. As husbands and lovers we must all admit that woman's instinct is often worth all the logic of the schools twice over. But—and this but must be spelt with a capital B—our courts of law (at least those in English-speaking countries) are devised and organized, perhaps unfortunately, on the principle that testimony not apparently deduced from the observation of relevant fact by the syllogistic method is valueless, and hence woman at the very outset is placed at a disadvantage and her usefulness as a probative force sadly crippled.

Fitz-James Stephen tells of a criminal trial in Paris where the judge of instruction was called to the stand to testify whether or not in his opinion the accused was guilty. In response to an interrogation from the court to that effect, he unhesitatingly responded that he not only was of that opinion but that he was certain of it. The prisoner's counsel thereupon, very naturally, inquired by virtue of what means he was so sure of the fact.

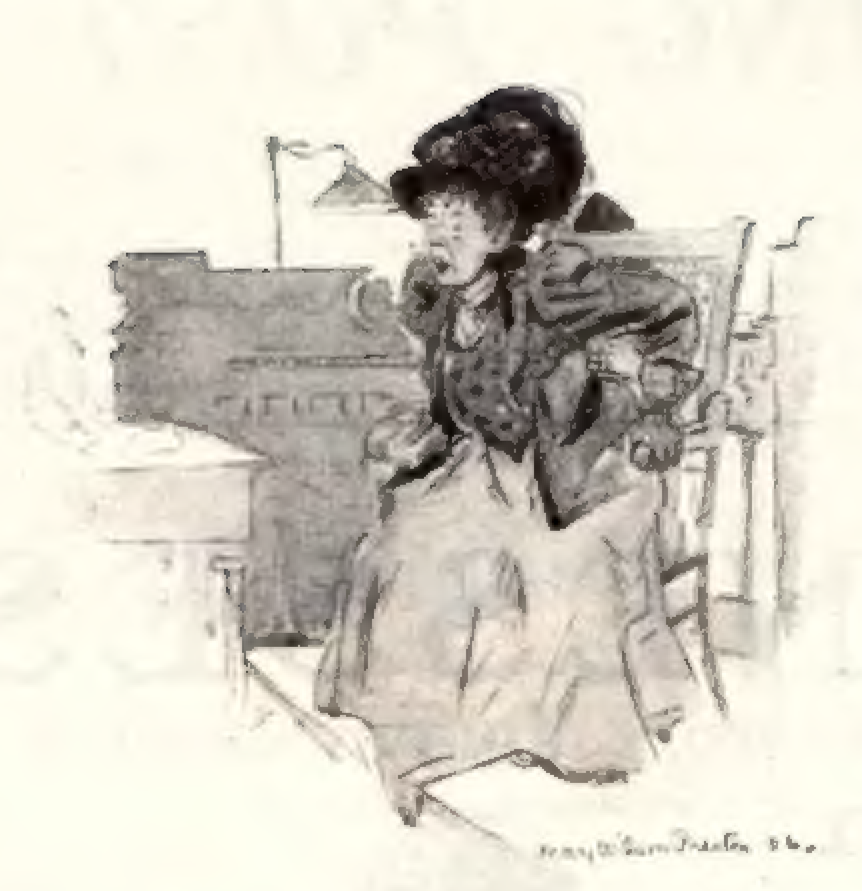
To which the judge of instruction naïvely replied:

"I know it *from his generally villainous appearance.*"

Now, perhaps the genial judge of instruction was entirely right. Very probably he was; but should any person of the male persuasion attempt to offer such testimony in an American tribunal of justice he would assuredly be laughed out of court if not committed for contempt. However, in Paris, his solemn conclusion was received with due respect, recorded on the minutes, and given proper weight.

The geographies inform us that the French are a "frivolous people, fond of dancing and light wines," but in one respect their courts are perhaps in advance of our more technical and "rational" procedure—namely they recognize the probative value of a mental impression standing by itself entirely apart from the logicality of the derivation. The good old lady who takes the witness-chair and swears that she *knows* the prisoner took her purse has very likely quite as good a basis for her opinion and her testimony (even though she cannot give a single reason for her belief and becomes hopelessly confused on cross-examination) as the man who reaches the same conclusion ostensibly by virtue of having seen the defendant near by, observed his hand reaching for the purse, and then perceived him take to his heels.

In point of fact, the intuition, or instinct, of women of which we speak is an entire misnomer. Women *reason* just as do men, but they are prone to skip over the intermediate steps and land firmly upon their conclusions in the first instance. Their minds do not "work quicker" than men's minds; they merely do less work and hence achieve their results in a shorter space of time. Essentially the process is the same; while John is thinking, Jane has got there; but when John in due time has arrived the chances are all in favor of his being able to explain to a jury *how* he got there, whereas Jane cannot. All she knows is that she *is* there. What we mean by a woman's "*intuition*," therefore, is, properly speaking, merely



"*I Do Nothing for a Living Except* **Cook, Wash, Scrub, Make Beds, Clean Windows, Mend My Children's Clothes, Mind the Baby, Teach the Four Oldest Their Lessons, Take Care of My Husband and Try to Get Enough Sleep to be up by Five in the Morning"**

her general inability to *explain her reasons*, and the failings of her testimony are simply the result of careless thought.

As the reader is already aware, the value of all honestly-given testimony depends first upon the witness' original capacity to observe the facts; second upon his ability to remember what he has seen and not to confuse knowledge with *imagination, belief* or *custom*, and lastly, upon his power to express what he has, in fact, seen and remembers.

Women do not differ from men in their original capacity to observe, which is a quality developed by the training and environment of the individual. It is in the second class of the witness' limitations that women as a whole are more likely to trip than men; for they are prone to swear to circumstances as facts, of *their own knowledge*, simply because they confuse what they have really observed, or what they have in truth failed to observe at all, with what they believe did occur or should have occurred, or with what they are convinced did happen simply because it was accustomed to happen in the past.

For example, two witnesses, a man and a woman, are summoned before the grand jury to testify to whether or not they locked the respective doors of their apartments upon a certain day. The man swears that he did so. He is asked to state the grounds for his belief.

"Because," he replies, "I always put the key in my right-hand coat pocket. That morning I remember that there was a hole in it which I discovered, and accordingly transferred the key to my left-hand pocket."

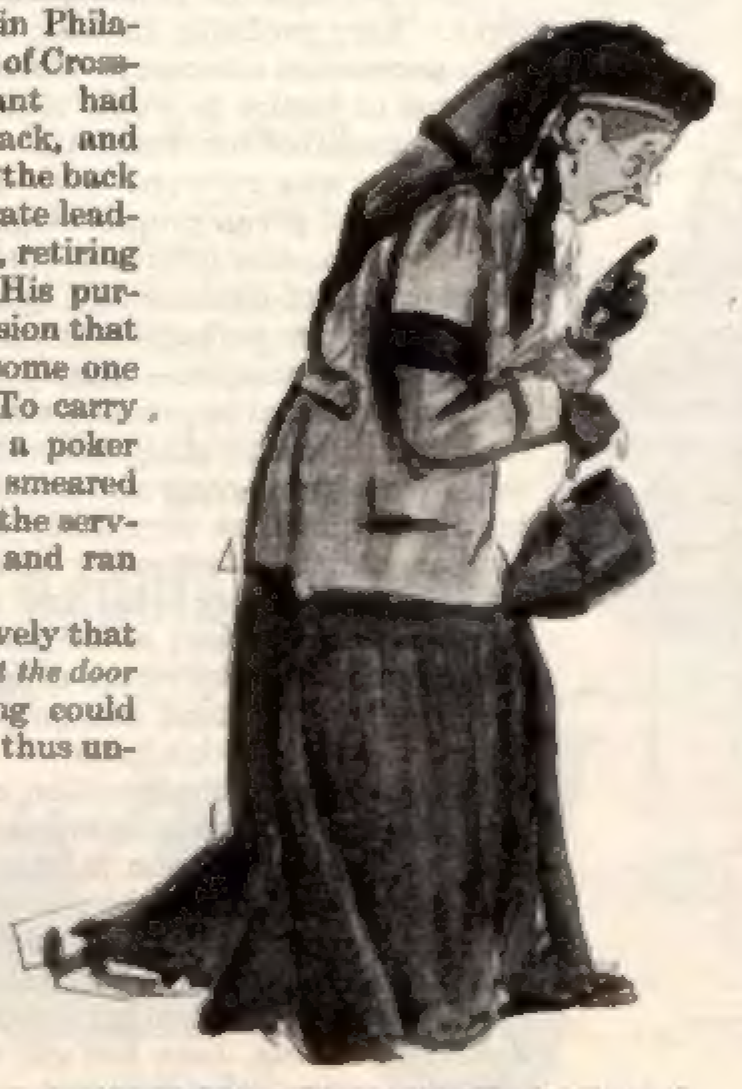
In like manner the woman swears she locked *her* door. In response to the inquiry as to how she knows she did so, she will exclaim, in nine cases out of ten:

"Why, I *always* lock the door when I go out!"

Perhaps the best illustration of the female habit of swearing that facts occurred because they *usually* occurred, was exhibited in the Twitchell murder trial in Philadelphia cited in Wellman's Art of Cross-Examination. The defendant had killed his wife with a blackjack, and having dragged her body into the back yard, carefully unbolted the gate leading to the adjacent alley and, retiring to the house, went to bed. His purpose was to create the impression that she had been murdered by some one from outside the premises. To carry out the suggestion, he bent a poker and left it lying near the body smeared with blood. In the morning the servant girl found her mistress and ran shrieking into the street.

At the trial she swore positively that she was first obliged to *unbolt the door* in order to get out. Nothing could shake her testimony, and she thus unconsciously negatived the entire value of the defendant's adroit precautions. He was justly convicted, although upon absolutely erroneous testimony.

"Habit second nature?" remarked the Duke of Wellington. "Habit is ten times nature!" And with women in the witness-chair habit often becomes fact.



As She Made Her Way with Difficulty Toward the Door of the Courtroom She Could be Heard Repeating Stubbornly: "I Told Him to Put it Into Real Estate, and He Said He Would"

The old English lawyers occasionally rejected the evidence of women on the ground that they are "frail." But the exclusion of women as witnesses in the old days was not for psychological reasons, nor did it originate from a critical study of the probative value of their testimony.

Though the conclusions to which women frequently jump may usually be shown by careful interrogation to be founded upon observation of actual fact, their habit of stating inferences often leads them to claim knowledge of the impossible—"wiser in (their) own conceit than seven men that can render a reason."

In a very recent case where a clever thief had been convicted of looting various apartments in New York City of over eighty thousand dollars' worth of jewelry, the female owners were summoned to identify their property. The writer believes that in every instance these ladies were absolutely ingenuous and intended to tell the absolute truth. Each and every one positively identified various of the loose stones found in the possession of the prisoner as her own. This was the case even when the diamonds, emeralds and pearls had no distinguishing marks at all. It was a human impossibility actually to identify any such objects, and yet these eminently respectable and intelligent gentlewomen swore positively that they could recognize their jewels. They drew the inference merely that as the prisoner had stolen similar jewels from them these must be the actual ones which they had lost, an inference very likely correct, but valueless in a tribunal of justice.

Where their inferences are questioned, women, as a rule, are much more ready to "swear their testimony through" than men. They are so accustomed to act upon inference, which is the natural result of jumping to conclusions, that, finding themselves unable to substantiate their assertion by any sufficient reason, they become irritated, "show fight," and seek refuge in prevarication. Had they not, during their entire lives, been accustomed to mental short-cuts, they would be spared the humiliation of seeing their evidence "stricken from the record."

One of the ladies referred to testified as follows:

"Can you identify that diamond?"

"*I am quite sure that it is mine.*"

"How do you know?"

"*It looks exactly like it.*"

"But may it not be a similar one and not your own?"

"*No; it is mine.*"

"But how? It has no marks."

"*I don't care. I know it is mine. I swear it is!*"

The good lady supposed that, unless she swore to the fact, she might lose her jewel, which was, of course, not the case at all, as the sworn testimony founded upon nothing but inference left her in no better position than she was in before.

I regret to say that observation would lead one to believe that women as a rule have somewhat less regard for the spirit of their oaths than men, and that they are a trifle more ready, if it be necessary, to commit perjury. This arises from the fact that women are fully aware that their sex protects them from the same severity of cross-examination to which men would be subjected under similar circumstances. It is to-day fatal to a lawyer's case if he be not invariably gentle and courteous with a female witness, and this is true even if she be a veritable Sapphira.

In spite of these limitations, which, of course, are by no means confined to the female sex, and which affect the testimony of almost every witness who gives evidence in a court of law, so far as manner and adroitness are concerned women, with the possible exception of children, make the most wonderful witnesses to be found in the courts. They are almost invariably quick and positive in their answers, keenly alive to the dramatic possibilities of the situation, and with an unerring instinct for a trap or compromising admission. Indeed, it is probable that, on the whole, more is lost by cross-examining women than is gained—that is, provided the witness be alert and sensible.

A woman will inevitably couple with a categorical answer to a question, if in truth she can be induced to give one at all, a statement of damaging character to her opponent. For example:

"Do you know the defendant?"

"Yes, to my cost!"

Or:

"How old are you?"

"Twenty-three. Old enough to have known better than to trust him."

Forced to make an admission which would seem to hurt her position, the explanation, instead of being left for the re-direct examination of her own counsel, is instantly added to her answer then and there.

"Do you admit that you were on Forty-second Street at midnight?"

"Yes. *But it was in response to a message sent by the defendant through his cousin.*"

What is commonly known as "silent cross-examination" is generally the most effective. The jury know the difficulties of the situation for the lawyer, and are not unlikely to sympathize with him unless he makes bold to attack the witness, when they quickly change their attitude.

One question, and that as to the witness' means of livelihood, is often sufficient.

"How do you support yourself?"

"I am a lady of leisure!" replies the witness (arrayed in flamboyant colors) snappishly.

"That will do, thank you," remarks the lawyer with a smile. "You may step down."

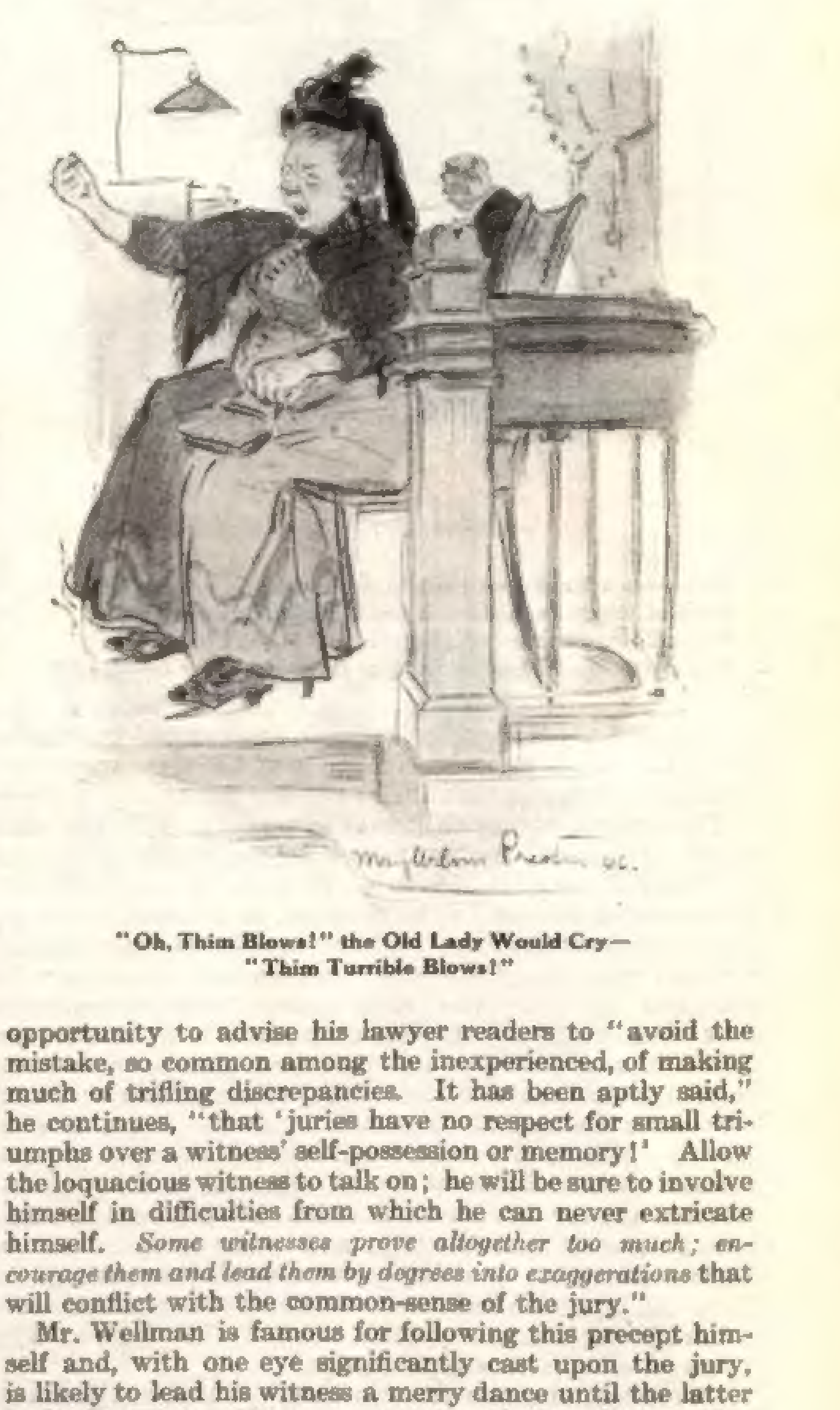
The writer remembers being nicely hoisted by his own petard on a similar occasion:

"What do you do for a living?" he asked.

The witness, a rather deceptively-arrayed woman, turned upon him with a glance of contempt:

"I am a respectable married woman, with seven children," she retorted. "*I do nothing for a living except* cook, wash, scrub, make beds, clean windows, mend my children's clothes, mind the baby, teach the four oldest their lessons, take care of my husband, and try to get enough sleep to be up by five in the morning. I guess if some lawyers worked as hard as I do they would have sense enough not to ask impertinent questions."

An amusing incident is recorded of how a feminine witness turned the laugh upon Mr. Francis L. Wellman, the author of the recent volume upon the Art of Cross-Examination heretofore referred to. In this book he takes the opportunity to advise his lawyer readers to "avoid the mistake, so common among the inexperienced, of making much of trifling discrepancies. It has been aptly said," he continues, "that 'juries have no respect for small triumphs over a witness' self-possession or memory!' Allow the loquacious witness to talk on; he will be sure to involve himself in difficulties from which he can never extricate himself. *Some witnesses prove altogether too much; encourage them and lead them by degrees into exaggerations* that will conflict with the common-sense of the jury."



"Oh, Thim Blows!" the Old Lady Would Cry—"Thim Turrible Blows!"

Mr. Wellman is famous for following this precept himself and, with one eye significantly cast upon the jury, is likely to lead his witness a merry dance until the latter is finally "bogged" in a quagmire of absurdities. Not long ago, shortly after the publication of his book, this lawyer had occasion to cross-examine a modest-looking young woman as to the speed of an electric car. The witness seemed conscious that she was about to undergo a severe ordeal, and Mr. Wellman, feeling himself complete master of the situation, began in his most winsome and deprecating manner:

"And how fast, Miss ——, would you say the car was going?"

"I really could not tell exactly, Mr. Wellman."

"Would you say that it was going at ten miles an hour?"

"Oh, fully that!"

"Twenty miles an hour?"

"Yes, I should say it was going twenty miles an hour."

"Will you say it was going thirty miles an hour?" inquired Wellman with a glance at the jury.

"Why, yes, I will say that it was."

"Will you say it was going forty?"

"Yes."

"Fifty?"

"Yes, I will say so."

"Seventy?"

"Yes."

"Eighty?"

"Yes," responded the young lady with a countenance absolutely devoid of expression.

"A hundred?" inquired the lawyer with a thrill of eager triumph in his voice.

There was a significant hush in the courtroom. Then the witness, with a patient smile and a slight lifting of her pretty eyebrows, remarked quietly:

"Mr. Wellman, *don't you think we have carried our little joke far enough?*"

James, in his Curiosities of Law and Lawyers, says that Garrow was examining a very young lady, who was a witness in an assault case, and asked her if the person who was assaulted did not give the defendant very ill language; if he did not utter words so bad that he (the counsel) had not impudence enough to repeat them.

The lady replied: "Yes."

"Will you, madam, be kind enough to tell the court what those words were?"

"Why, sir," she replied, "if you have not impudence enough to speak them, how can you suppose that I have?"

There is no witness more difficult in the whole world to cope with than a shrewd old woman who apes stupidity only to reiterate the gist of her testimony in such incisive fashion as to leave it indelibly imprinted on the minds of the jury. The lawyer is bound by every law of decency, policy and manners to treat the aged dame with the utmost consideration. He must allow her to ramble on discursively in answer to the simplest question, in defiance of every rule of law and evidence; must receive imperturbably the opinions and speculations upon every subject of both herself and (through her) of her neighbors, only to find that, when he thinks she must be exhausted by her own volubility, she is ready, at the slightest opportunity, to break away again into a tangle of guesswork and hearsay, punctuated by conclusions and ejaculation. Woe be unto him if he has not sense enough to waive her off the stand! He might as well try to harness a Valkyrie as to restrain a pugnacious old Irishwoman who is intent on getting the whole business before the jury in her own way.

In the recent case of Gustav Dinser, accused of murder, a vigorous old lady took the stand and testified forcibly against the accused. She was as "fresh as paint," as the saying goes, and resolutely refused to answer any questions put to her by counsel for the defense. Instead, she would raise her voice and make a savage onslaught upon the prisoner, rehearsing his brutal treatment of the deceased on previous occasions, and getting in the most damaging testimony.

"Do you say, Mrs. ——," the lawyer would inquire deferentially, "that you heard the sound of *three* blows?"

"Oh, thim blows!" the old lady would cry—"thim turrible blows! I could hear the villain as he laid thim on! I could hear the poor, pitiful groans av her, and she so sufferin'! 'Twas awful! Howly Saints, 'twould make yer blood run cowld! An' thin they'd come agin!"

"Stop! stop!" exclaimed the lawyer.

"Ah, stop is it? Ye can't stop me till Oi've had me say to till the whole truth. I says to me daughter Ellen, says I: 'Th' horrid baste is afther murtherin' the poor thing,' says I; 'run out an' git an officer!'"

"I object to all this!" shouts the lawyer.

"Ah, ye objec', do ye?" retorts the old lady. "Shure an' ye'd have been after objectin' yerself if ye'd heard thim turrible blows that kilt her—the poor, sufferin', swate crayter! I hope he gits all that's comin' to him—bad cess to him for a bloodthirsty divil!"

The lawyer ignominiously abandoned the attack.

The writer recalls a somewhat similar instance, but one even better exhibiting the cleverness of an old woman, which occurred in the year 1901. A man named Orlando J. Hackett, of prepossessing appearance and manners, was on trial, charged with converting to his own use money which had been intrusted to him for investment in realty. The complainant was a shrewd old lady, who, together with her daughter, had had a long series of transactions with Hackett which would have entirely confused the issue could the defense have brought them before the jury. The whole contention of the prosecution was that Hackett had received the money for one purpose and used it for another. During preparation for the trial the writer had had both ladies in his office and remembers making the remark:

"Now, Mrs. ——, don't forget that the charge here is that you gave Mr. Hackett the money to put into real estate. Nothing else is of much importance."

"Be sure and remember that, mother," the daughter had admonished her.

In the course of a month the case came on for trial before Recorder Goff, in Part Two of the General Sessions. Mrs. —— gave her testimony with great positiveness. Then Mr. Lewis Stuyvesant Chanler arose to cross-examine her.

"Madam," he began courteously, "you say you gave the defendant money?"

"I told him to put it into real estate, *and he said he would!*" replied Mrs. —— firmly.

"I did not ask you that, Mrs. ——," politely interjected Mr. Chanler. "How *much* did you give him?"

"*I told him to put it into real estate*, and he said he would!" repeated the old lady wearily.

"But, madam, you do not answer my question!" exclaimed Chanler. "How *much* did you give him?"

"I told him to put it into real——" began the old lady again.

"Yes, yes!" cried the lawyer; "we know that! Answer the question."

"—— estate, *and he said he would!*" finished the old woman innocently.

"If your Honor please, I will excuse the witness. And I move that her answers be stricken out!" cried Chanler savagely.

(*Concluded on Page 19*)

Billy Fortune and the DrinKwater Lad

The Matrimonial Bureau on Lazy-I Ranch

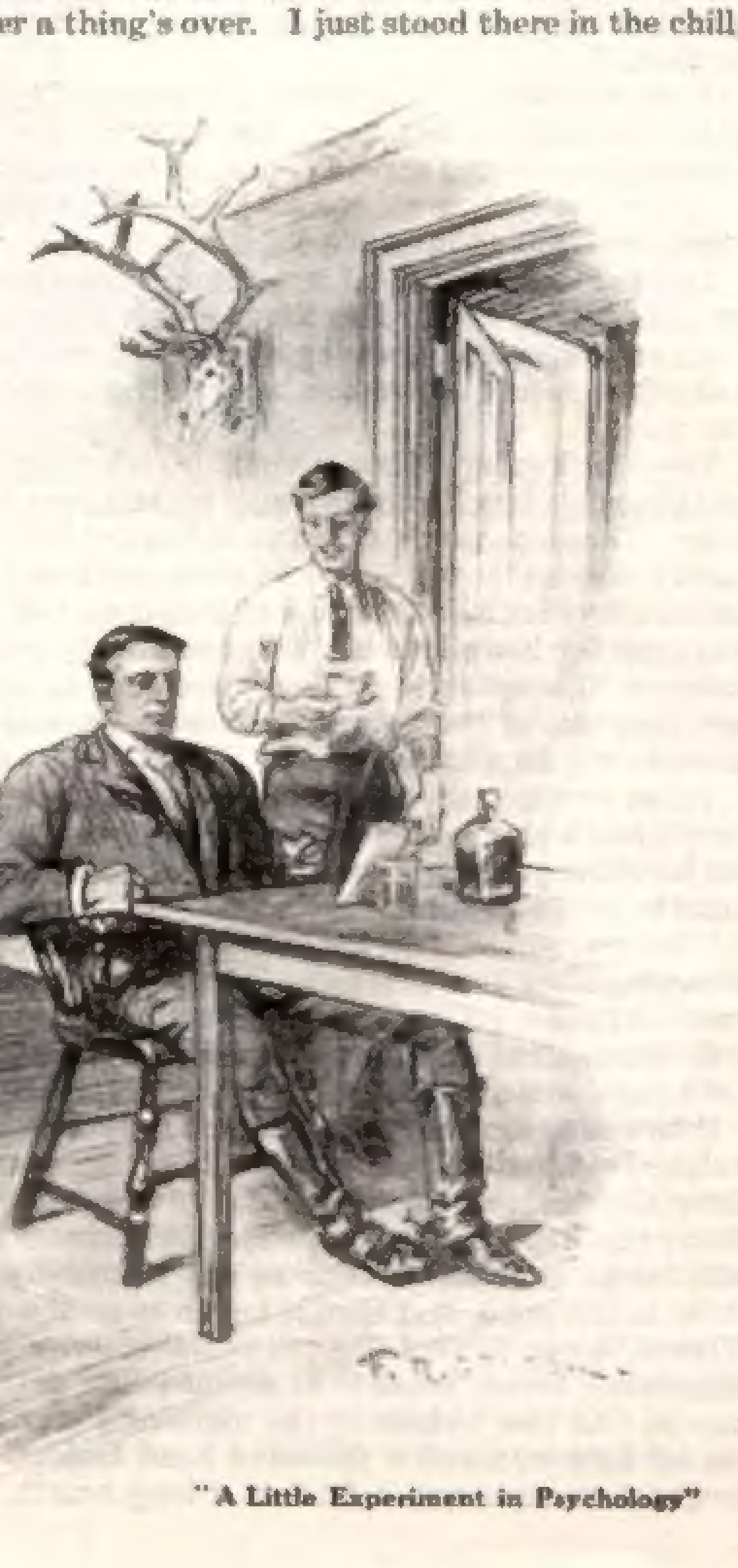
By William R. Lighton

DRINKWATER. Percy Clyde Drinkwater. *Drinkwater.* And *Percy Clyde!* Yes, that was his name. A right funny name for a man, I call it. But then, he was a right funny man; so it's about as long as it's short. The way I figure it out, the only thing that keeps this life from being all too much of a sameness is the different things in it. Ain't that right? This Drinkwater lad, he was one of the different things—awful!

Drinkwater! That was the part of it that caught me by the slack of my attention and wouldn't let go. It was a horrible deceiving name. I expect the first thing you'll think of, when you set down and study over it, is a pale, lank-built, weak-eyed, soft-voiced sister—one of the kind that takes his refreshment out of a rubber nipple, or else out of the spigot of a soda-water fountain, and with one of these square-jawed mothers that trots in the hatchet class. What? Now ain't that the way it sounds? Wrong—dead wrong! Let me tell you: Percy Clyde was like the men you see in the breakfast-food pictures, with the Glow of Health daubed thick all over them. And he had a big bass voice, just like an old herd-bull coming down out of the hot hills to drink. And his eyes—*weak?* No, no! And if Percy Clyde ever had a mother, she was a *woman.* Do you get that? Because Percy, he was a man. And about the refreshment part of it: he was something fierce with the talk-water. I'll bet money or marbles he never sucked anything through a straw in his whole life. He just couldn't.

It was down at Magdalena, in New Mexico, that I crossed his trail. Magdalena: that's another one of those names that can look you straight in the face and lie to you. You'd think a town with a name like that would amount to something, wouldn't you, one way or another—looks, or excitement, or something? But it didn't. It was nothing but one short, ugly dirt road, and a dirty little hotel, and a couple of saloons, and some more odds and ends of junk like that—bare as the flat of your hand and just about as interesting to look at. Nothing doing but dead silence and some ugly, bare, red hills. And up above in the hills close by was another town: Kelly. Silver mining. On pay-days the miners would blow down to Magdalena for a couple of nights or so; and the boys would come in from the ranches to ship some stock or to get a wagon-load of grub. But that was the limit—yes, sir, the plumb limit.

Me being there seems like one of those things that need explaining, when you stop to consider how fond I ain't of lonesomeness and quiet. Well, I went there from Socorro, down in the Grande Valley. Socorro's a hot little old place; it's so swift it keeps itself heated up just by its own friction. It was too swift for Billy Fortune. I had some loose money when I drifted in there, the week before; but the roulette wheel whirled it away from me in about three whirls. So I was short of coin when I quit. The next night I was short a horse, too, with the saddle thrown in. I didn't care. I never do care after a thing's over. I just stood there in the chill, gray dawn, after I'd rinsed off the fog at the watering-trough, and I says to myself: "Well, Billy, you're a darn fool again."



"A Little Experiment in Psychology"

"*Again?*" says I back. "What makes you say 'again'? Ain't I a continuous-performance darn fool?"

I couldn't deny it; so I shut up and begun to figure what I was going to do. None of my friends was there, because they were all elsewhere—or else I was the elsewhere one. You fix it to suit yourself. I reckon I could have found a job in Socorro, maybe. But I don't like a town job, where your pay just gets frittered away without doing you any good. The place for me to save money is miles away from the nearest place to spend it. That's the kind of a job I like, so I can let the boss keep what's coming to me till it's enough for a regular whizzer, with no mean feelings about it afterward. That's why I turned down the job in Socorro, without putting anybody to the trouble of offering it to me.

I'd have liked the taste of a cup of coffee; but I didn't seem to see the coffee-pot. Being short of small change sometimes makes a man a trifle short-sighted, too. Ever notice that? If it had been out on the range, now, where everything belongs to anybody—but these town coffee-pots are a close-mouthed lot. So I just says to myself: "I guess the waiter-lady didn't hear us, Billy," and with that I drilled down the long stretch of sidewalk toward the railroad, where a little, second-hand engine was pushing and shoving some stock-cars around, real busy, and I watched my chance and crawled underneath one of 'em, on to the running-gear.

"Why, hello, Billy!" I says. "Going some place?"

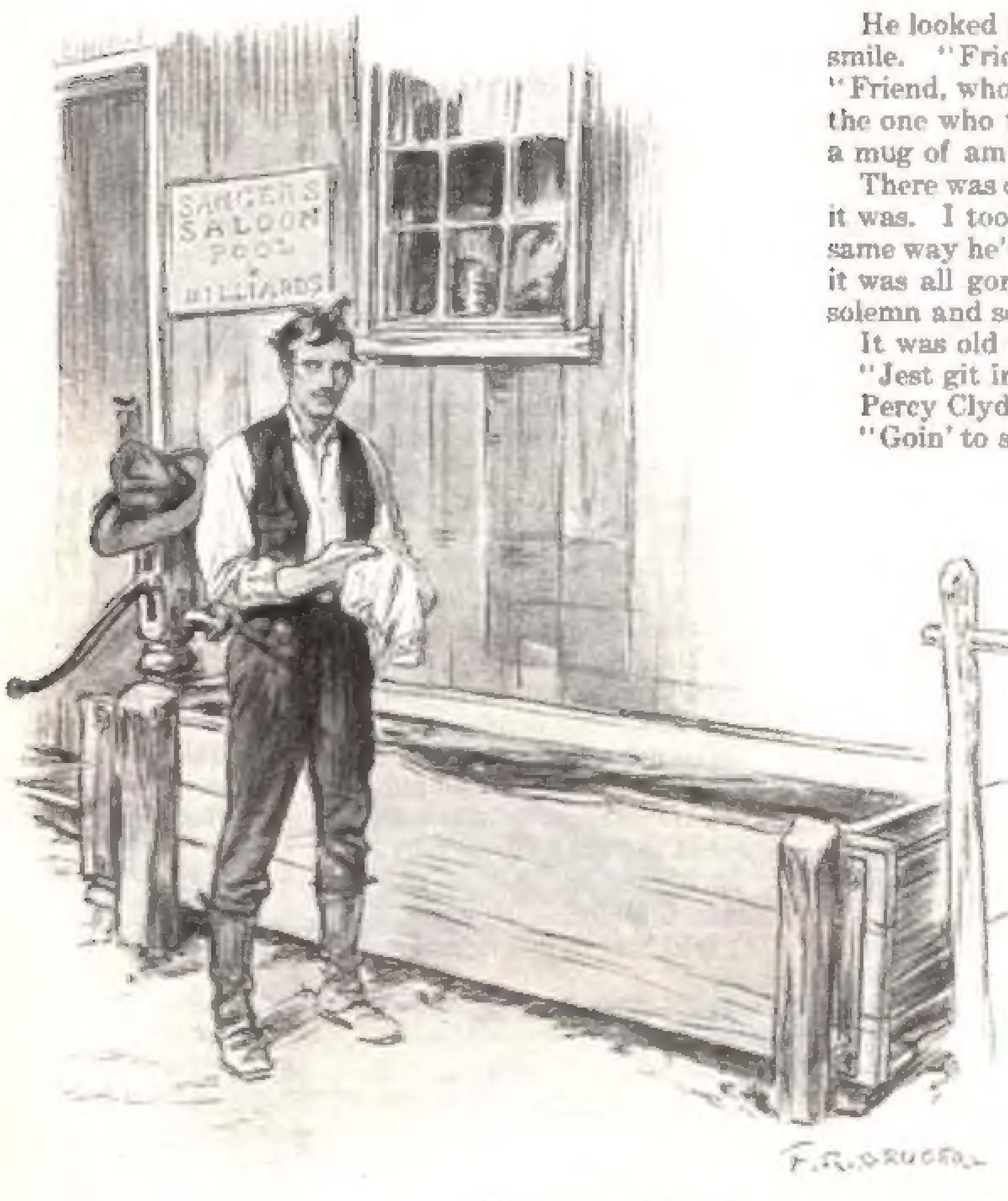
"Yep," says I.

"Gone long?" I says. "And which way?"

"Oh, dry up!" says I. It always makes me hot to have anybody butt in when it's none of their business. I wouldn't talk to the fellow any more, to give him encouragement; I just laid there with my face down on my arms till after a while the train pulled out, going up a hard grade—that meant west. And by the middle of the afternoon we hit Magdalena. It was only a spur road that didn't run beyond; so I judged I'd better stop.

It gave me the willies to stand there beside the track and look across at the town, me knowing how I was fixed. "If I had only just a single dollar!" says I. And right then I made up my mind that after that, no matter what sort of a game I might go against, I'd always hold out one wheel on 'em, anyway, for luck. It was a right wise resolve. I know it was, because I've never kept it.

It didn't help me out of the blues any to go poking along up the road to the hotel, keeping a watch-out for signs of life.



After I'd Rinsed Off the Fog, I Says to Myself: "Billy, You're a Darn Fool Again"

Nothing there except a Mexican asleep in front of a saloon, with the flies crawling on his face. There wasn't anybody in the hotel office; just a litter of old newspapers and dust and cigarette ends; so I went on through into the bar. The boss was there—a mean little dump of a man with one eye and a job-lot of yellow teeth and a ragged head of gray hair that looked as if it was coming unraveled. He didn't look good to me; and I expect I looked like old man Ditto to him, because he never stirred from where he was setting, with his feet up on the window-sill, but just eyed me over from there, while I started some promiscuous sort of talk about the country and the chances for work and all that, trying to get him to warm up. But his fire-box seemed all choked with ashes; I couldn't get a sign of a blaze.

"Look here," I said after a minute, "I'm hunting a job, and I'm broke. I want supper and bed and breakfast. Will this be good for it?" And I showed him my good old Colt's gun. My gun is always the last thing I'm willing to part with, like the girl in the story who goes to the barber at the last minute and sells her luxurious golden locks. The girl's play always moves your heart, don't it? Sure! But a dead-broke cow-puncher trying to soak his faithful six-shooter for a couple of bum meals of greasy victuals in a dirty eating-joint down yonder in those forsaken hills—that strikes you as funny. All right. But the puncher's as human as the girl, just the same. It didn't strike the hotel-man as funny; it didn't strike him at all. He never even took the trouble to answer me, except to shake his head and scuffle his feet on the window-sill, as if they were itching to boost me out.

Then all of a sudden he hopped up and wobbled over to the bar, putting on a wooden grin. There was a man standing there with his back against the bar, waiting: Percy Clyde Drinkwater. We hadn't heard him come in; but there he was, big and healthy and handsome, dressed in a corduroy riding rig, with the white dust on his shoulders and hat and boots, like he was just off a long trail. There wasn't any splendor about him; his clothes had been worn a good spell; but Prosperity was printed on him plain, in big letters. You can tell.

I was going past him on the way out; but he put out his hand and caught me by the arm, pulling me up alongside of him—him not saying a word. He'd been there before; because the boss knew just what to do for him, without any talk: he reached down behind a pile of papers in a corner on the floor and fished up a fat brown bottle with an Old Particular label on it and an Old Particular smell oozing out around the cork, and he put it out with a couple of glasses. None of your mean little thimble size, but *glasses*. The Drinkwater lad pulled the stopper out and started to pour him a drink. I saw him start, but I was afraid I wouldn't live to see the finish. Then he shoved the bottle along toward me.

But I didn't touch it—yet.

"Look here, Mister," says I, "we've got to understand this thing first. Do you know that you're standing beside a man that hasn't got the price of a come-back?"

He looked at me straight in the eyes without cracking a smile. "Friend," says he, in a deep, lazy, bass drawl—"Friend, who knows? In the long time coming I may be the one who thirsts, and you may be the one to give me a mug of ambrosial nectar in Paradise."

There was only one answer to that. You can guess what it was. I took mine the usual way; but he put his in the same way he'd poured it out—slow and easy. Even when it was all gone he stood staring into the empty tumbler, solemn and serious, without nobody saying a word.

It was old One-Eye that spoke first.

"Jest git in, Perce?"

Percy Clyde gave the littlest bit of a nod.

"Goin' to ship some stuff?"

Another nod, short and careless, without lifting his eyes, that had a deep, far-away look in them. I knew the signs: he was waiting for the golden-brown to get in his blood.

"Shippin' steers?" says One-Eye.

The Drinkwater lad waited a bit, and then he began to raise himself up, straightening his shoulders, with a lazy, contented sort of a smile coming across his sunburnt face.

"No, not steers," says he. "Sheep. Fifteen hundred Merino sheep. I'll ship to-morrow to Kansas City. The cars came up this afternoon. I left the bunch on the edge of the plains. The boys will hold them there till morning. Then we'll load. I'm going with them myself to Kansas City. I don't know how long I'll be gone—till I get back, most likely." He turned around to me with a short, good-natured laugh. "Our elderly friend has a lean and hungry curiosity," says he. "I haven't a doubt, now, that he's consumed with hot desire to know something about yourself." Then he turned back to One-Eye. "The gentleman on my right," says he to him, "is my old friend, Mr. — Mr. ——"

"Fortune," says I.

"Mr. Fortune," says he. "Mr. Fortune, of—of ——"

"Mostly of Wyoming," says I.

"Mostly of Wyoming," says he after me. "Mr. Fortune has recently made some unfortunate investments in—in ——"

"Celluloid," says I.

"In celluloid; in consequence of which he is suffering a slight present financial embarrassment, and has come out here to take employment on the Lazy-I Ranch, owned by Mr. Percy Drinkwater. Mr. Fortune's pay will be twenty-five dollars a month, beginning this date and continuing until for some reason it stops. In testimony whereof I do now give into the hand of Mr. Fortune ten dollars in the lawful money of the United States, to be applied on account."

He was talking all this time to the gaping old geezer back of the bar, solemn as a horse, not looking at me at all. I took his money and spread it out on the boards.

"Now," says I, as solemn as him—"Now, by the same token, we'll have that come-back."

I got the dust cleaned off of me, and a new shave, and had my supper, and was loafing around with a cigarette, when I run on to him again, setting with three other lads around a shabby green table in the back of the room where the bar was.

This Drinkwater lad had been taking a little flyer in celluloid himself before I came in; only his had gone better than mine. The chips were stacked up in front of him so he could hardly see over the top—red and white and blue, fit to strike an unlucky man blind. Just as I pulled up behind him he was dragging in a pile so big he had to put his arm around it to move it, laughing a reckless, dare-devil laugh when he saw that two of the other fellows were cleaned out slick, down to the bare table.

Those two got up and pushed back their chairs as if they'd had a plumb plenty, and Percy Clyde begun sorting out his chips, pushing the white ones to one side and keeping just the reds and blues.

"Tell you what I'll do, Peter," says he. "I brought down fifteen hundred Merinos to-day. Yours are about the same grade as mine. I'll just start fresh with you and play you a little draw, a red chip for a sheep, a red ante and no limit. Let's have some real sport."

Pete was a game boy, all right, and they went at it. I've watched some stiff play in my time, but I've never seen anything like that this side the cradle. It don't matter much about the little particulars. The Drinkwater lad's luck held for an hour or so, until he was four or five hundred sheep to the good, and then it begun to go the other way. When it begun it went like snow sliding down off a steep mountain—boom, crash! It seemed like nothing could stop it. At two o'clock in the morning Percy Clyde had lost all he'd won and a thousand head besides. Then he caught four aces, and I fetched a long breath. But the Pete boy just sized up what we had left in our stack and shoved out a stack to match it. Percy called him, and Pete showed down a diamond straight, ten-high—ten, nine, eight, seven, six, throwing 'em out one at a time, calm and slow.

"Gee whiz!" says I to myself. "Billy, we're ruined!"

But what do you think? That Drinkwater chap just slid his hat a little farther back on his head and laughed a big, deep bass, joyful laugh. *Laughed!*

"Little Bo-Peep!" says he, with a sound in his voice like wires stretched tight and singing. "Gad, but that was bully! I'll have the boys drive the bunch over to you in the morning, Pete." Then he laughed again, stretching his arms to take the stiffness out. "Well, now I don't have to go to Kansas City. I was dreading that trip."

I got down to breakfast early; but he was there already, eating rare beef and drinking black coffee, all comfortable and serene, with his handsome eyes shining and his healthy cheeks like a girl's. After I'd taken my place across the table from him he caught me studying him.

"Well, Lazarus," says he, "what's on your mind?"

"I expect my pay stops now, don't it?" says I, as delicate as I knew how.

"Meaning—what?" says he.

"Oh, nothing much," says I; "only, after last night ——"

But he cut me short with a wide wave of his hand. "That bunch was just a part of the year's surplus," says he. "I had to get rid of 'em somehow. You'll find there's quite a few baa-lambs left at the Lazy-I—twenty thousand or so, besides a fair lot of steers and a couple thousand range horses. No, you go ahead with your arrangements. We'll loaf around till the mail comes up at noon, and then we'll hike out."

We were waiting together on the platform, with all the rest of the town, when the rusty, fussy little accommodation pulled in from Socorro, and we stood watching while they threw off a starved-looking mail-sack and some boxes of truck out of the express car. It was no great shakes for excitement; but you know how those lonesome towns will jump high and grab hungry after even the littlest bit of variety. Two or three ranchers got out, and a drummer, and some Dagoes for the mines up at Kelly; and then the conductor reached up his arms to help her down. *Her!* Yes, sir, there she was—and right behind her was another woman.

Lilies-of-the-valley, and forget-me-nots, and pansies for thoughts, and roses for love: that's what she made you think of, that girl—and then I ain't said half. Don't get me started now. You'll hear enough about her before we get through. She was a joy, though; I could tell that, first pop, even with one look, two car-lengths off.

I heard Percy Clyde give a quick little sort of a sigh, down under his breath; and then there he went, marching down the platform toward the place where she was.

"Oh," says I to myself—"Oh, we know the lady, do we? Well, that's good."

And then what could I do but drift along behind, slow, with my hands in my pockets, kind of anxious and jealous, to see if the Drinkwater lad was going to get what was coming to him?

But he didn't. I couldn't make it out at first. He got just about so far, and then he stopped and stood still, turning his back and looking up toward town, but listening.

The other woman was pouring out the talk to the conductor, with the girl only standing there and waiting. The other woman was a short, thick old body, with a short, thick voice and fat eyes and a whole big flock of double chins rolling up out of her shirtwaist. Anybody could tell that just the way she stood she had cost a heap of money—she looked expensive; and she was one of the fidgety sort that think they've got all the world hired to wait on 'em, and then always have a few kicks coming because it ain't done right. Somebody had been going to meet her and the girl when they got in, and she was rowing at the poor, scared little conductor because he wasn't there. I judged he'd had to listen to the same song all the way up from Socorro, because he looked plumb feeble and wilted and unsteady on his legs. It was Percy Clyde that butted in and saved him.

"I beg pardon," says he to the fat one, putting the soft stop on his deep voice—"I beg pardon, madam; but Colonel Arkwright is my nearest neighbor. My name is Drinkwater. I have heard the Colonel speak of your coming; but there has been a misunderstanding somehow. He isn't expecting your arrival before next week."

She flicked her dull, greasy eyes around at him, listening, and then she stamped her round wad of a foot on the boards.

"Oh, how unspeakably exasperating!" she wheezed. "Send to him, young man, and tell him we're here."

The Drinkwater lad gave a gentle, respectful smile, turning part of it on the girl.

"It's fifty miles," says he, "on the other side of the San Augustin Plains. You wouldn't be able to start before day after to-morrow if we waited to get word to him." He was holding his hat in his hand, standing up straight and tall and strong, with his good looks fit to win the heart out of a wooden Indian. I could see that the girl wasn't a bit unfriendly toward him; and he seemed to have it sized up that way, too, because he spoke to her next. "Miss Carmichael," says he, "if you can persuade your aunt to accept my service I shall be delighted to drive you over to the Colonel's place."

Some people have to be coaxed and some don't. This girl didn't. From the look she gave him I knew it was all fixed; but she had to go through some preliminaries with Auntie first. Auntie had come down there for her health; there was something the matter with her; I don't know what ailed her; I guess she was an invalid. Ain't that what they call 'em when they're suffering from too much attention? Auntie snorted and pranced around and made fussy little fool objections for a while before she gave in. That was just her way. If she'd been starving, and somebody had given her a square meal of victuals, she couldn't have been able to eat a mouthful till she'd raised a holler first about its being boiled instead of baked, or something. I'm awful fond of them people—not. But she gave in pretty soon: that's the main point. And then Percy Clyde walked with them up to the hotel, toting their things; and then he came out again to me and had me go with him to arrange about the buggy over at the livery stable, seeing it was got ready for next morning.

"She's in poor health, Lazarus," says he to me. "We must take good care of her."

"Oh, is she?" says I. "Them pink cheeks of hers looked right healthy to me."

His handsome eyes laughed at me, and he fished up a dollar out of his pocket and gave it to me. "Good boy!" says he. "Go and take something to her cheeks' pinkness. I guess I won't join you this morning."

Well, I went over horseback with the boys to the Lazy-I in the morning, and I was on hand when the Drinkwater lad got there with the women folks. Auntie was having a fat, snug sleep on the back seat, and the girl was up beside him. Little old Percy Clyde hadn't been losing any time, because her complexion was in full bloom and her brown eyes shining. *Health?* Well, I guess so!

"'Lazy-I!'" she was saying when I held the ponies' heads and Percy Clyde lifted her down in his arms in front of the log ranch-house. "What a droll name!"

"It's named after me," says he; "after me and the climate. We're a lazy outfit down here."

But after they'd poked Auntie out of her snooze and helped her into the big front room, and the Drinkwater lad had lit a big blaze in the fireplace, he came out to me again, looking a lot too anxious for a real lazy-minded man.

"Lazarus," says he, "answer me right. They're going to stay here for supper, and the cook I've got is a Swede. Say, can *you* cook?"

"*Can* I?" says I. "You hobble your Swede out somewheres and show me the grub-box."

I sure fixed them a supper. Why, even old Auntie glistened when I set the hot beef extract down in front of her, in a thin little china cup, and the canned salmon chopped up fine on hot buttered toast, and a whole slew of truck like that. Anybody could tell she was a bad invalid, the way she smacked her fat lips over it. And the Drinkwater lad was plumb pleased. I don't know where he'd picked up the stuff, any more than he knew where I'd picked up the education. When I brought the old lass her cup of black coffee at the end, and then a thin glass bowl of water with a thin slice of lemon in it, I was scared that he was going to throw a fit from trying to show me on the sly how grateful he was, without letting them see that the Lazy-I wasn't used to that sort of foolishness every day.

When Percy Clyde got back from driving them over to the Arkwright place I had the muss all cleaned up and was just fixing me a cigarette, setting on the edge of the woodbox beside the kitchen stove. He never said a word to me; he just stuck his arm through mine and pulled me into the front room and opened up a little cupboard that was tucked back of the fireplace chimney. There was a bottle in there with a couple of tumblers.

"Companion," says he, "set down. Fill up."

That didn't take me long; and then he poured him out a glassful, the way he'd done down at Magdalena, holding it up and smelling at it. But he didn't taste it; he just sat there, holding the glass in his hand and staring down into the fire, with his face getting solemn and his lips tight. I could see he'd forgot all about me, and about the drink, and about everything else. I waited a minute, and then I fidgeted with my feet to bring him to.

"What do we do with this?" I asks, motioning with the tumbler.

He didn't answer me right off. First he put the glass on the table and pushed it away from him, looking across at me, studying me.

"Friend," says he, "I wonder if you have ever seen your visions."

"Visions!" says I. "Not me. But I had a bunk-mate once, up in Wyoming, that used to get 'em bad. The last time it was a big bouquet of red elephants floating at him upside down, wiggling their feet in the air. And once ——"

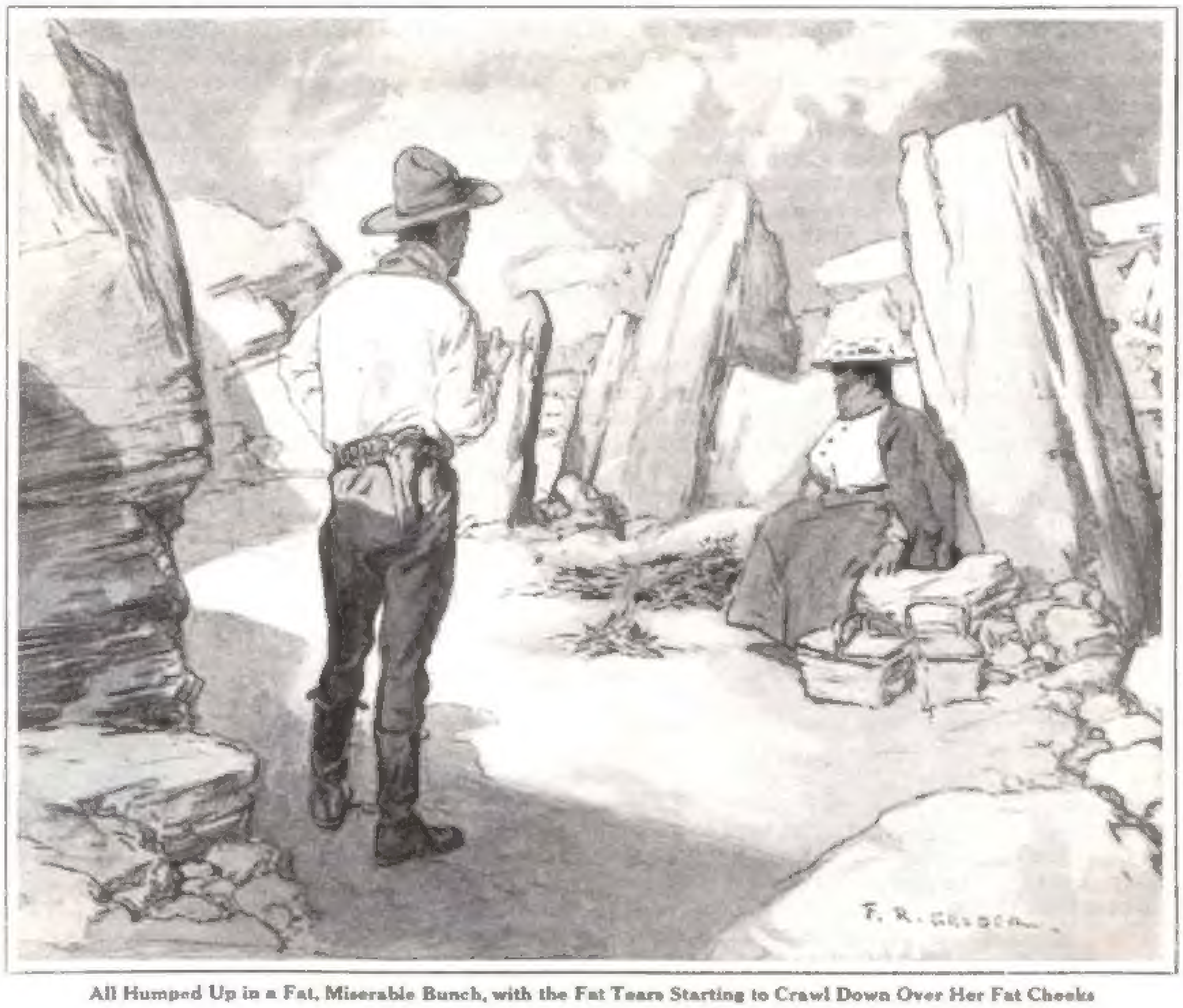
But he didn't let me finish. He broke out in his deep bass roar, tipping his head back and laughing till his eyes watered. When he was through he picked up his drink again and set there, holding it toward the fire. Pretty soon he smiled a sad sort of a smile at me over it.

"If the salt have lost its savor," says he, "wherewith shall it be salted? Can you tell me that, Companion?"

"No, I can't," says I. "I never was a good hand at figures."

But I couldn't quite see the sense of his next move—not till afterward, when I got to thinking about it. He just stooped over and held his glass down next the ashes, letting the drink run out a little bit at a time, till it was all plumb gone, and tossing the tumbler back amongst the hot coals.

"There!" says he. "Let's try it that way, once."



All Humped Up in a Fat, Miserable Bunch, with the Fat Tears Starting to Crawl Down Over Her Fat Cheeks

"Well, gee whiz!" says I. Say, Percy Clyde had it bad—a long, hard case. I've seen other chaps ailing with it, and I've had it myself a few times, several different places on the map; but not like with him. Mine always comes out on me, without leaving no bad marks; but his seemed as if it struck in on him, fierce.

Days and days together the ranch business didn't interest him a little bit. He'd turn out of his bed at daylight and get his cup of coffee, and then he'd shut himself up in his room again for a couple of hours, till it was time to saddle up and ride through the cañon to the Arkwright place. That's the last we'd see of him till dark night, after we'd be in our bunks, when we'd hear the dogs start barking and the racket of the pony's feet on the rocks in the trail; and after that, when I'd wake up in the bunkhouse, to turn over, I'd see the light in his window across the yard, with his shadow going up and down, up and down, up and down. Once I pulled my watch on him, and it was half-past three in the morning; but at nine o'clock he was in the saddle again and hiking out.

What made it look funny to me was that he didn't seem to be getting any fun out of it. Times when I'm in love myself I always get cheerful; but not the Drinkwater lad. A bob-cat with a sore ear is a sucking dove alongside what the Drinkwater lad was, the few times when he'd be around amongst the boys. Once, when he was just climbing in his saddle one morning, the foreman in charge of the bunch of stock down on the Tule Rosa flats came to the house looking worried and anxious.

"Four of my men quit last night," says he, "and pulled out for the new diggings down below. I'm afraid the rest will go, too, and I haven't got more than half enough now."

Percy Clyde scowled at him. "Well, let 'em go," says he.

"But the sheep are scattering all over, up toward the hills," says the foreman.

"Let 'em scatter," says Percy Clyde.

"But the coyotes are killing 'em by the dozen," says the foreman.

"Let 'em kill 'em," says Percy Clyde; and with that he dug in his spurs and went sailing up the cañon.

And there would be other days when he'd stay in his room all day long, like a sick she-bear in her hole in the rocks. Nobody would see him, those days, except me, when he'd yank his door open and holler for his cup of coffee. I'd got the Swede's job in the kitchen, and the Swede was cooking for one of the herd outfits. That's how it happened that I had a hand in this business.

It begun one day when the Drinkwater lad yelled for his coffee like I told you. It was the middle of the afternoon, and I had to start a fire and get the water boiling first; and when I took it in to him, after while, there he was in his chair, sound asleep, with his arms down on the table and his head down on his arms. And on the table, propped up against a glass, was the girl's picture, made with her dark, deep eyes wide open and looking straight into yours, and the sort of a smile on her lovely lips that just dares you to tell what she's thinking about. Only you can't do it, not ever—not in a hundred years.

Little old Percy Clyde roused up when I come in and, when he saw that I'd seen, his sunburnt cheeks got the color of a stormy sunset.

"Hello, Companion!" says he—the first human word I'd heard out of him in two weeks. "Well, you've caught me with the goods on me." He laughed an unhappy sort of a laugh. "I was just trying a little experiment in psychology, Billy," says he. Then he took a brace on himself. "Mr. Fortune," says he, "you have the earmarks of a wise man. Are you one?"

"Who? Me?" says I. "Well, you can tell it was a wise man that sired me, can't you? Maybe it runs in the family."

He picked up the picture and held it in his hand, looking at it steady a long time.

"Billy," says he, "I'm at sea in an open boat, and no land in sight. Let me tell you: this is an infamous life down here, with nobody but us he-folks living off by ourselves, eating and drinking and sleeping and messing with one another. I'm tired of it. I'm getting rich, fast and easy; but the richer I get the more it fills me full of nothing but sick disgust. How does it strike you, anyway?"

"If you're trying to tell me something," says I, "why don't you skip all the small-talk and give it to me straight? Won't she have you?"

You'd have thought it would have froze him stiff, wouldn't you, having his cook come at him that way? But it didn't. It seemed like it was just man to man, that time. He looked from the picture to me, and then back to the picture, with a sad sort of a sigh.

"I don't know," says he. "I'm afraid she would." Yes, sir, that's what he said: "I'm afraid she would." But I had a kind of a notion of what was in his mind. And here out it come. "I've been a worthless scamp, Companion. You've seen enough of me to know that."

"So Auntie's been making trouble because you've drank some, has she?" says I.

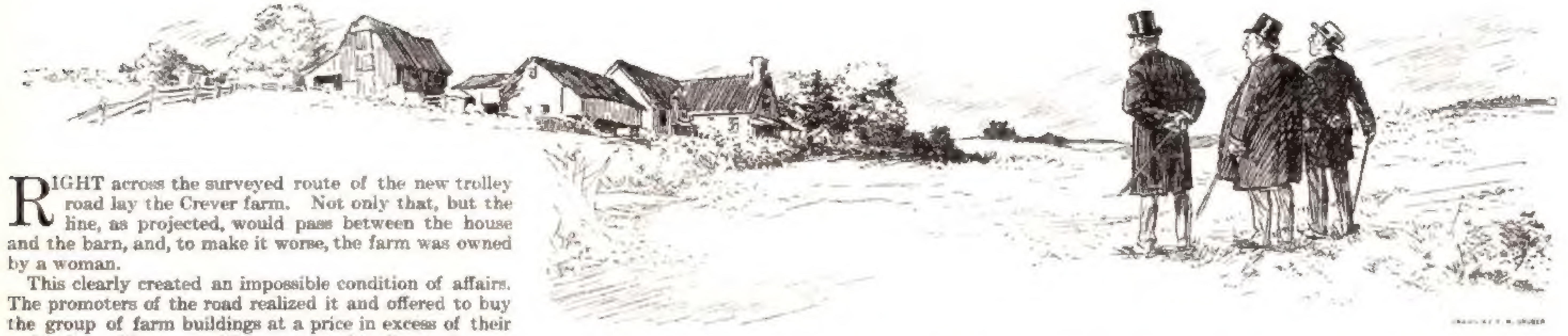
He flashed a quick look at me out of his handsome eyes.

"How do you know?" says he.

"Oh, rats!" says I. He didn't have to tell me any more; I knew how it was. "Us wise boys don't wait to be told everything," says I. "That old chickabiddy! It ain't the girl you're scared of; it's *her*. You never were one of those wet soaks, any more than I am. No, sir; what's

(Continued on Page 20)

THE WOMAN IN THE WAY



When Cupid Blocked the Wheels of Progress

BY ELLIOTT FLOWER

RIGHT across the surveyed route of the new trolley road lay the Crever farm. Not only that, but the line, as projected, would pass between the house and the barn, and, to make it worse, the farm was owned by a woman.

This clearly created an impossible condition of affairs. The promoters of the road realized it and offered to buy the group of farm buildings at a price in excess of their real value. No one could be expected to live and carry on the work of a farm where a trolley road bisected the barnyard, but there was no reason why the necessary house and out-buildings should not be erected upon a new site. The buildings, including the house, were old and dilapidated. With what the trolley people would pay for these buildings and the right-of-way through the farm, it would be possible to provide new and better buildings in a new location. But the proposition was scorned.

"Thunder and guns!" growled Conrad Hopkins. "What does the old girl want?"

No one could tell him. She had made no counter proposition, merely stating that she preferred to remain where she was. A slightly better offer had the same result, and a threat of condemnation proceedings stirred up the neighbors. She was "a lone woman"; it would be shameful for a great corporation to attack her in the courts. Why could it not be generous with her?

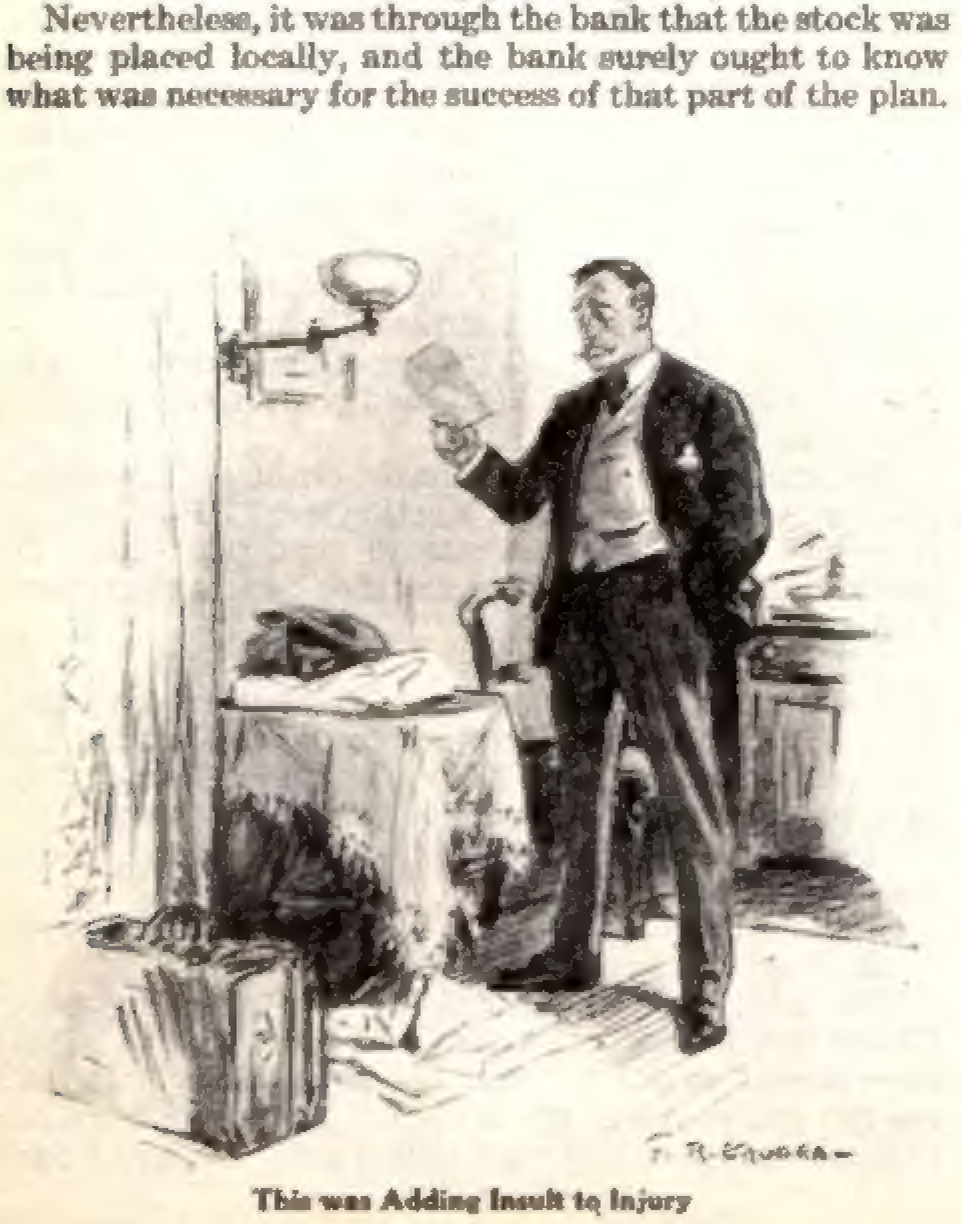
Hopkins was not a man to spend money foolishly, and he and his associates thought they were being generous with her. As a last resort, they even offered to buy the whole farm at a fair price, but she did not care to sell. Well, said the neighbors, she had always lived there, and her father had lived there before her, and there were probably associations that were dear to her. This might be true, but it did not solve the problem for the road, which did not feel disposed to offer more for a mere right-of-way.

The situation was truly awkward. What the neighbors might think or say was of more than ordinary importance, for arrangements had been made to float a good deal of the stock in the district that the road traversed. Hopkins and his associates would retain control, of course, but much had been made of the company as a local enterprise, and it would be decidedly disconcerting to have an antagonistic sentiment aroused. At the first suggestion of court proceedings the Adams County Bank had protested.

"Anything of that sort will kill the local stock subscription scheme," was the word that came from the bank. "It will make sympathy for Miss Crever and trouble for you. Our people won't take kindly to anything that looks like persecution of a woman."

"Persecution nothing!" exclaimed Hopkins, when he read the letter. "She's simply holding us up."

Nevertheless, it was through the bank that the stock was being placed locally, and the bank surely ought to know what was necessary for the success of that part of the plan. Local antagonism would hurt them in other ways, too, for an interurban trolley line is almost wholly dependent upon local patronage, and a hostile spirit, once aroused, could make trouble at other points.



This was Adding Insult to Injury

"If that woman was only a man," Hopkins reflected, "we'd be all right. The people wouldn't give a hang how we got our right-of-way then. She's taking advantage of her sex."

But she was not a man. More than that, she had been an object of sympathetic solicitude ever since her father died, and there was already beginning to be some talk about corporation heartlessness. This was hurtful, but the fact that the road was temporarily blocked was more hurtful.

"Either way we get the worst of it," said Hopkins. "To go ahead regardless will stir up a nasty row, and the knowledge of the fact that we're blocked puts a cloud on the investment. I wonder if we can't dodge the farm."

He sent for Welmer, the engineer in charge, and Welmer came with blue-prints and maps. These showed a north and south road that should, but did not, cut through the Crever farm. Possibly there had been some reason for this interruption at the time the road was laid out, but that did not affect the present situation. The road ended at the east and west road on which the Crever farm faced, and had a new beginning half a mile beyond. Furthermore, the farm buildings were so placed that the road, if continued through, would pass between the house and the barn and nip off the end of a carriage-shed. The whole group might be avoided by a curve, but the margin would be small, the curve a nasty one, and the general conditions little better. Unquestionably, the woman must move if the road went through her place at all.

"But we're ready to make that all right with her," complained Hopkins. "Why can't she be reasonable? It's going to be hard to go around the farm."

"Wholly impracticable," returned Welmer. "There's a parallel road a quarter of a mile west that goes through, but to get to it, pass the farm, and return to our route would add half a mile and four sharp right-angle turns to our line. We'd better take 'rapid transit' out of the title of the company before we try anything of that sort. We'd be a joke to even the farmers. If we're not going through in a reasonably direct line, we might as well take the longer road at the beginning and cut this one out entirely."

"Oh, we've got to cut through that farm!" exclaimed Hopkins. "That's all there is to it."

So he sent word to their local representative to find out what the woman wanted.

"She wants to be let alone," was the reply that came back, and with it came a newspaper clipping that told how the road was blocked and probably would have to take a more circuitous route.

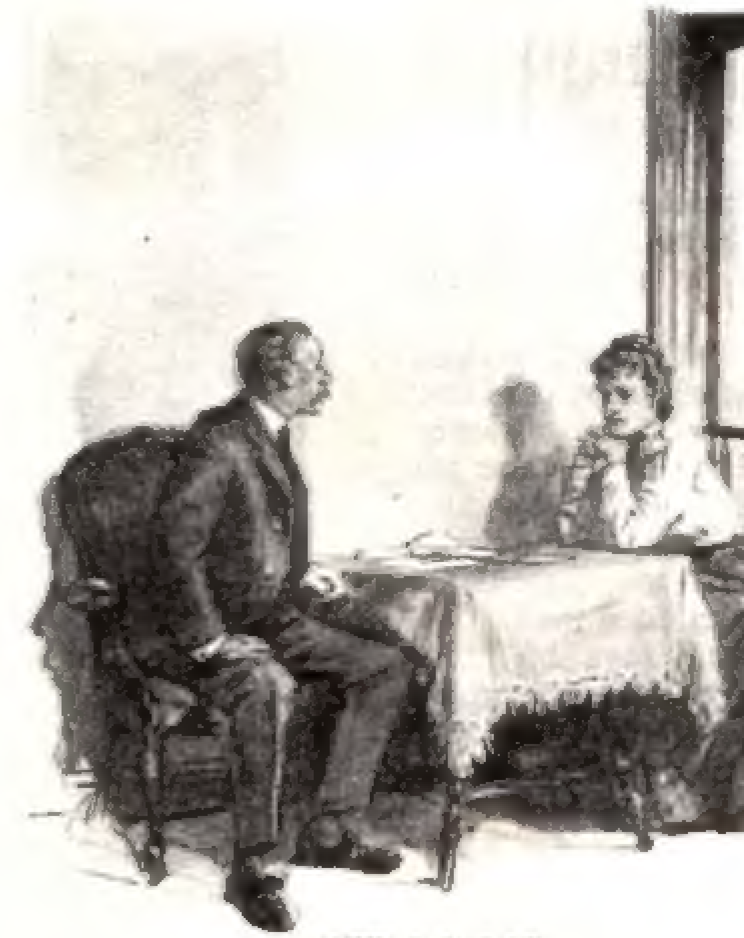
"That hurts," commented Hopkins angrily; "that sort of thing is like taking money out of our pockets. Our stock won't be even considered a nice gift in a little while. We're caught between sympathy and obstinacy. I'll send Morford down there."

Eugene Morford was a "smooth" man. When a problem was too difficult for others, he was invariably sent into the field. He had proved his worth by straightening out many tangles; he had pacified the belligerent and convinced the doubtful; he had secured necessary rights so quietly that no one knew what was happening until it had happened. He was nearer forty than thirty, but, so far as appearances went, he could put his age at or under the lower figure without being asked for an affidavit; he was good-looking, courteous and entertaining.

"See what you can do with the old maid," instructed Hopkins. "Be real nice to her. Perhaps she only needs a beau to put her in good humor."

Morford made a wry face, laughed, and went forth to do battle for the trolley company. Two days later he wrote back: "No trouble at all to be nice to her. Will report on other matters as soon as possible"—for he had discovered that Jane Crever was not an old maid.

It may have been her apparent crankiness that had led Hopkins to jump to the conclusion that she was of the sour and ancient kind. In the reports he had received there naturally had been no mention of her age, and "Jane Crever, farmer," did have a rather forbidding sound. But he had made a serious mistake.



"Who's Jack?"

Jane Crever was a young woman—a serious, quiet, thoughtful young woman. She had been left nothing but the farm, and she had undertaken to make that support her.

She employed two men and a woman, but she exercised general supervision over the work in the fields and the house, and she had been fairly successful. Her life had given her some practical knowledge of farming. To this knowledge she had added steadily since she assumed control, being ever ready to listen to advice and not too quick to act upon it; she was grateful for suggestions, but she used her own judgment in deciding upon their merits, and her judgment was usually good.

She listened to Morford with flattering attention, saying little herself. Her manner was in no sense aggressively obstinate, as he had expected it would be; on the contrary, she seemed open to conviction without being easily convinced. There was something of anxious inquiry about her when the subject was under discussion, as if she realized her own lack of business experience.

"The offer that the company makes is really a very generous one," he argued. "It is more than any one else would give you for the farm."

"So I am told," she returned quietly.

"You have made inquiries?"

"Certainly." (This seemed to him a favorable indication, for one does not investigate what one is determined not to do.) "I am always making inquiries," she went on, "and some of them do not seem to be easily answered."

"For instance?" he said interrogatively.

"How can I invest the money offered for this farm so that I can live as comfortably as I do here? Remember, it is all that I have, and, aside from the management of the farm, which I have had to learn, I have no earning capacity myself."

Morford shifted to the other proposition instantly. She might not know much about business, but she certainly had a large stock of common-sense. The interest on the money, in any *safe* investment, would not go very far; therefore she was wise to keep it where her own experience counted for enough to make it give her a home.

"Then keep the farm, but sell the right-of-way and the buildings," he urged. "That will enable you to have a more comfortable home."

"I am afraid," she said thoughtfully, "that I have too much sentiment to want to stay here when the old homestead is pulled down. I am now trying to put aside a little something to rebuild it."

"Is there *any* proposition that will be acceptable to you?"

"I don't think of any," she answered with a smile.

"If I should find a safe and satisfactory investment for you, would you sell?" he asked in desperation.

"I might," she conceded.

The best that could be said for this ending of the discussion was that it left the matter open, and the fact that it remained open gave Morford excuse for frequent calls at the farm. This in turn promised him opportunities of value. A ready tongue and a quick wit had given him victory in many a similar controversy, so why not in this? As long as he could meet her upon friendly terms and discuss the question in a friendly spirit, there was every reason for the sophisticated man to think that he could overcome the objections of the unsophisticated woman. Indeed, he flattered himself that he had already made progress, for she now conceded that she might be induced to sell. At the first interview she had merely said "No" to everything.

However, Morford had been much disconcerted on the occasion of the first interview. Gentle, quiet, attractive, but steadfast in her purpose, her calm, inquiring gaze had completely upset his plans, even drawing from him an unusually straightforward statement of the reason for his visit. He had found himself blurting out arguments when he had intended merely to study the situation and perfect his plan; but he had also found himself leaving with a pleasant feeling of importance. Although he could not see that he had gained anything, there was something flatteringly deferential in her treatment of him. Then, at the second interview, she had admitted the possibility of changing her mind, and had left the way open to further negotiations.

"She's a fine-looking girl, too," he mused. "Old enough to have some sense and young enough to be mighty interesting to a bachelor. About twenty-two, I should judge—tractable to the right man, but capable of doing some thinking for herself. I rather think I can make this job enjoyable while it lasts."

In another two days he had progressed far enough to get her to consider the abandonment of the old buildings and the sale of a right-of-way. It was evident that his personality counted for something, too; there were indications that she looked upon him with favor and was gratified by his attentions.

"Perhaps I'd better make love to her," he thought.

He did so, but he was discreet about it. A flirtatious girl would hardly have considered it love-making, but Jane Crever would have resented the boldness that a flirt might expect: she was too serious and modest to be successfully assailed by sudden, passionate love; it had to be more a matter of the eyes and the voice and the delicate attentions of respectful adoration. This made the game a very pleasant one, and Morford found himself intensely interested in the campaign.

"I believe," he reflected, "that I wouldn't be sorry to have to marry that right-of-way into the control of the company; but I fear I couldn't do it quick enough. However," he concluded sagely, "a woman will concede almost anything to a man she likes, and this one is beginning to think a good deal of me."

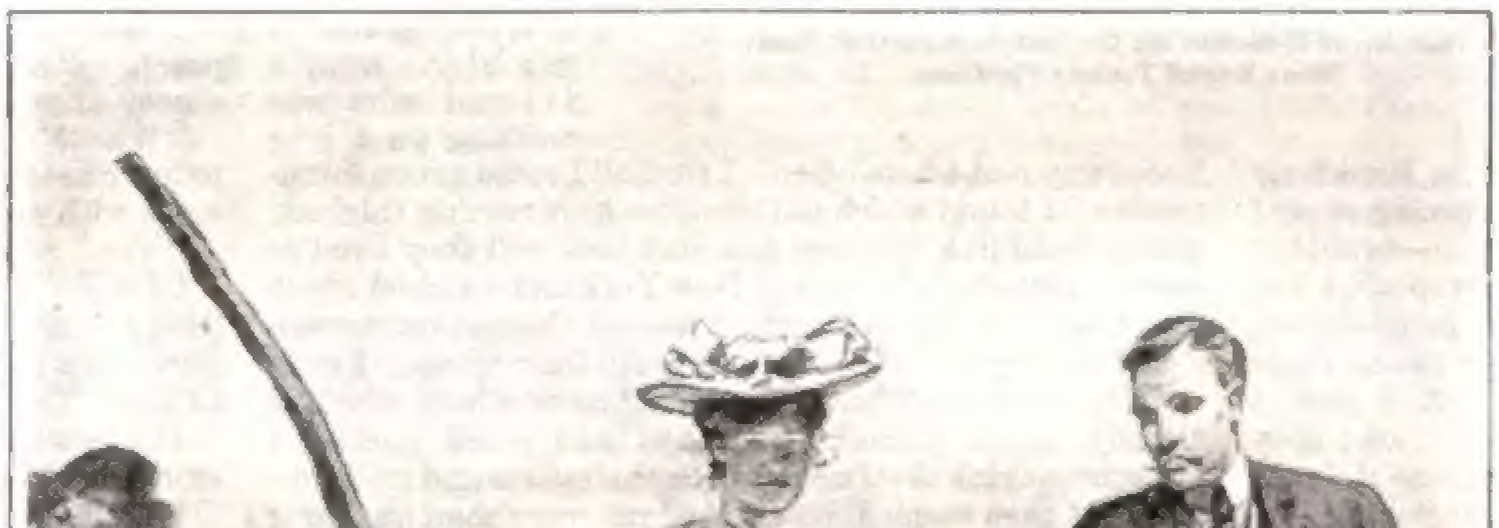
At the end of a week he sent a very optimistic report to Hopkins. Miss Crever was still considering, but she had evinced a strong disposition to do as Morford advised. As a matter of fact, the progress of the little love-affair had been much more rapid than one would have expected. Morford had spent most of his time with her, accompanying her on her trips over the farm, and he had found many different ways to give her evidence of his devotion. Occasionally they talked of the trolley, but he had deemed it policy to make her think that he was now more interested in her than in the road; and this had seemed to please her, although she had given him no direct encouragement.

"I really don't like to feel that I am standing in the way of progress," she said on one occasion, when the trolley was mentioned.

"Well," he replied, "you have succeeded in tying the road up in a hard knot. Hopkins doesn't like to go into court with the matter."

"I can readily understand that," she returned with a thoughtful smile. "The people about here are very good friends of mine and very sympathetic. I've no doubt the court price would be high."

She certainly had a good business head, in spite of an air of hesitating doubt, but she was equally surprising in other ways. Something ingenuous and wholly unworldly usually followed the evidence of a severely practical mind.



"Think of the Money You're Costing"

"I think," said Morford, "that you could add ten or possibly fifteen per cent. to the price the company offers under either of its propositions with a practical certainty of having it accepted."

"But that would not be fair," she argued; "it would be like cheating to make the company pay more than the land is worth: a little something for the inconvenience to me, perhaps, but it isn't right to make people give you money just because you can. No; if I decide to sell I shall be fair about it."

Was there ever anything more contradictory? And is not that very inconsistency one of the charms of woman? Morford was not sure that he might not marry her anyhow. The main purpose of his campaign might be far from sentimental, but there was no harm in letting sentiment follow business. That was a detail that could be settled later.

He had carefully avoided the question of investing the purchase money. He could suggest investments that would *promise* all that she deemed necessary, but her critical way of looking at business propositions and her calm, searching inquiries made him hesitate to mention any of these things. So he confined himself to generalities about unexpected opportunities. Besides, it now seemed to him that his best chance was to follow up the suggestion that she made about "standing in the way of progress."

"I understand," he said, "how the matter looks to you, but it is imposing a very serious hardship upon others."

"Oh, of course it would be more convenient for the road to go straight through," she admitted, "but the people here are not in such a dreadful hurry. They've been using that west road for a good many years, and it won't do them any harm to keep on using it."

"But a trolley is different," he insisted. "That makes more travel between towns, and the people are in more of a hurry. Then there's the investment. Think of the money you're costing!"

"Am I costing money?" she asked.

"Well, rather!" he answered with a laugh. "The stock was selling nicely until the report spread that there was trouble about the right-of-way. Then people quit buying, and those who had bought became nervous and wanted to sell. Several blocks have been offered below the subscription price. The local market for our stock—the market that we are most anxious to keep steady—is demoralized and getting worse."

"And I am to blame?"

"Certainly."

"That seems very odd," was her thoughtful comment. "I never thought that what I did could make much difference."

"Well, it does," he explained. "At the price the stock brings to-day, Hopkins and his crowd are a good many thousands of dollars poorer than they were a few weeks ago."

"And I've done that just by sitting still?" she inquired.

"It's your opposition that has done it."

"Would a right-of-way through my land restore the money to them?"

"In about thirty minutes, considering quoted values as money."

"It's a great responsibility for a woman to 'have,'" she said soberly. "I never looked at it that way. It almost takes my breath away to think that so much money depends upon me. I don't like to feel that I am doing harm."

"You are very seriously affecting a large investment," he told her; "you are blocking a big enterprise, in which many people have a deep interest. Do you think it quite fair to make so many suffer for your personal contentment?"

"It seems selfish," she admitted. "I'll have to study that view of it."

He was so confident now that he sent a long report to Hopkins, at the end of which he asked jocosely: "Will the company defend me in a breach-of-promise suit if I decide not to marry? Or would a substantial wedding present be cheaper?" But, in spite of his flippancy, he was troubled and uncertain, and he felt that the moment for decision was approaching. The affair would cease to be a matter of business very soon.

However, she was not ready with her answer the next day or the second. She was still considering.

"It seems strange," she remarked, "that there should be so much money in merely doing nothing."

"Doing nothing?" he repeated.

"Why, yes. You say that I am opposing this big undertaking, and that my opposition has made some big losses. If I stop—just do nothing, as you might say—you get all this lost money back. I'm in the way, and all I've got to do is to get out of the way. Isn't that right?"

"It's an odd way of putting it," he replied, "but that's about the situation."

"Nothing means much," she said. "The ways of finance are incomprehensible."

During those two days his tact and devotion were nothing short of perfection: he was considerate, sympathetic, patient. On the third day she reached her decision.

"I shall not sell at any price willingly," she announced.

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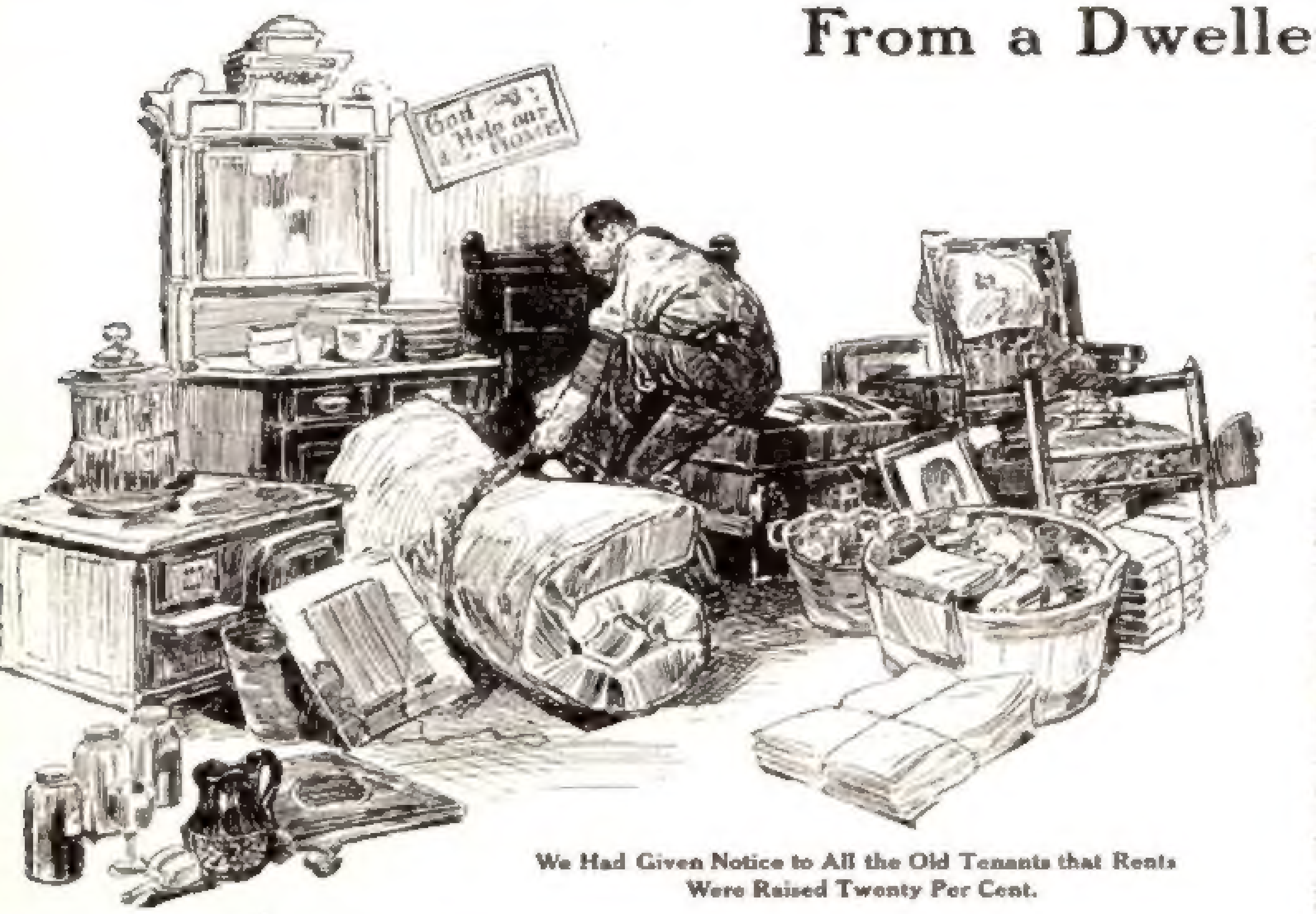
UP FROM THE GHETTO

From a Dweller to a Speculator in Slums

BY ERNEST POOLE



We Had Given Notice to All the Old Tenants that Rents Were Raised Twenty Per Cent.

DID you ever have a little newsboy on a Broadway corner from whom you bought your evening paper? He always had a joke and a grin for you—probably called you "Boss." In a year or two he disappeared and another boy was in his place. That other boy paid between twenty-five and a hundred dollars, according to the value of the corner. You had become an asset. And that is true of at least a hundred places all over New York; they are grabbed by boys with or without stands; and if a new boy tries to sell within a hundred feet without paying—he gets driven away. It's right that he should. The chap quick and shrewd enough to grab the best place ought to be allowed to keep it.

When I was a newsboy fifteen years ago I never whined about being the "submerged tenth." I sold papers in the poor places, and watched hard, and at last I got my tip from Pat, a big Irish bartender who was my friend because I always gave him a paper so he would let me sell in his saloon. His tip was this: One of our elevated railroad lines was then being built, the street stations had been marked off, and the station corners had of course been grabbed by boys who took out licenses for stands.

But my friend Pat had learned of a new street station which was to be added. We lost no time, and with his help I got the license. I was on my feet!

Being only fourteen, I lost my head and jumped at an offer from an older boy. He was to pay me seventy-five dollars for the place three months later when the elevated began running. But the paper he signed was no good; he got my license and never paid me a cent.

I decided then that I must have an education.

I began going each evening to night-school and after nine o'clock I worked on at home. In the low, narrow kitchen of our Ghetto tenement, my good old Jewish father and I used to sit often till one or two in the morning, though both of us had to get up at six o'clock and go to work—he to the sweat-shop and I to Newspaper Row.

When I looked up from a knotty problem in interest and discount, I would see across the table his huge, gray, shaggy head with the black cap, bowing up and down over the huge, battered Talmud, his big eyebrows twitching, his deep-set eyes shining and dreaming way off into Haschumiam—the Hebrew Heaven. Sometimes I would catch him with his spectacles up on his forehead, watching me anxiously. One night he showed me a little note-book filled with figures and shaky writing in Yiddish; you read it from right to left and it took me some time to make it out. Then I felt a big lump come up in my throat. For the book was a strict account of the board I had paid him for the last two years—three hundred and twelve dollars. He had saved it all for me. To do this the good old man had been bringing extra work home every night from the sweat-shop, working till nine o'clock, and then hiding it and grabbing his Talmud when he heard me coming from night-school. This was why I had often caught him falling asleep over his bony elbows on the table.

I gripped his trembling old hand and got up quickly and went out for a long walk. The next night I told him I couldn't take a cent, but he argued me down. After that I worked in both day-school and night-school. (I had myself entered, against the rules, in both places at once—by a trick.) My reports soon showed higher and higher marks. At seventeen I entered the City College, and there as I rose I could see clearer what I needed for my business career.

I had felt, ever since that newsstand deal, that the real-estate business—grabbing the best places—was my game. I worked hard now on rent, interest, finance and population. I studied the New York laws on landlord and tenant. I got hints from a friend who was working in a big Broadway real-estate office. I read all I could get on immigration; I found which nationalities were coming thickest, which could live cheapest and just how well they lived at home. I studied a history of New York and watched which way the city was spreading. I met all the real-estate men I could and got odd jobs sometimes in their offices. I even went to a social settlement and met the reformers who had already begun planning subways and small parks. I sometimes think the time put in on their plans and methods, idle as it then seemed, has helped me more than anything else, for to most real-estate men reformers are like a lot of crazy old guns—you can't tell when they'll go off.

In our settlement debating club we discussed one night the question, "Is strict honesty possible in business?" In that debate were two under-clerks from Wall Street, four dry-goods salesmen, three buyers for stores, a newspaper reporter, two young lawyers, and an advertising agent. The vote was ten to three for the negative. These live beginners in business gave me some practical hints I have often remembered and chuckled over. They were so true.

So I finished my education.

I began at nineteen in a big Broadway office as under-clerk at six dollars a week. There were three other clerks each trying to get ahead of the other. You felt the strain begin at eight in the morning when you reached the office. Close attention, exactness, promptness were needed, of course, but I soon saw they weren't enough. Two of the clerks had these qualities and had stuck in their places, one for five years, the other for eight. The third clerk was my rival, for he had that other quality—diligence in watching chances. He was as eager to make a good strike as our employer himself. I soon copied him. I studied the firm's maps of the East Side, and spent evenings and Sundays looking up all the districts I didn't know.

Hundreds of tenements were to be bought, and most could be sold at a big profit. The trouble was to buy. That year was dull on Wall Street and money was rushing into real estate. A dozen other firms were doing tenements and each watched like a cat. Each, through its maps and journals and agents, tried to keep its eyes on hundreds of miles of houses at once.

A tremendous chance for a kid if he only had a quick eye! Such an eye is made only by hard work and training. I kept on watching maps and real-estate journals, listening to my employers, to agents, reformers and politicians—I had a whole circle of friends who were worth dollars and cents to my struggle. I kept on watching neighborhoods. Often I kept walking on and on till after midnight. I gave my boss some good tips; he began to take notice, and the other clerks got uneasy. Then at last, a year after I started, I made my first big hit.

That month there were twenty-three tenements on our "Owner Dying" list. These owners had all refused to sell, but we had tips that their heirs would be willing. But how soon would they die?

Down on Cherry Street lived an old Irishwoman who had been dying off and on for years. She had a little old frame house of two floors and an attic. All around her, big six-story brick tenements were shooting up. Her property was jumping five hundred dollars a year. All the real-estate firms had been after her, but the old lady swore at them all; she said she had married her Pat in that house and in that house she would stay till the day of her "wake."

She had a son Tommy, aged twenty—who, we all knew, would sell the minute his mother died. But Tommy seldom showed up; he said he had a job in Newark, and when we did see him he said he would do no talking till he saw the will.

Well, the old lady began to see our game; she grinned triumphantly from bed whenever we called—if she was better, and if she was worse she swore like a pirate. One day when I found her grinning I said:

"Mrs. Hogan—you're 'way off—I ain't here after your death."

"You bet you ain't," she cried, shaking her big night-cap. "You're here before it, an' a long time before it, too!"

"Shake on that!" I cried warmly. "You're an old peach. I've given up your dying. I'm going to get the money another way."

"What?" She sat up with a jerk and then groaned with pain. She stared at me, her square old face wrinkled all the more with puzzling.

"Yes," said I, "my scheme needs you alive. Shake!"

"I will!" she cried, reaching up and gripping my hand. "Whatever yer scheme is, it's better than the old wan! Sure, it's a pleasant change to find some wan who wants me to live! Ye'll find Tommy's cigars in the cupboard."

It was wonderful how the old lady braced up. She told stories of old days and dead Pat and son Tommy.

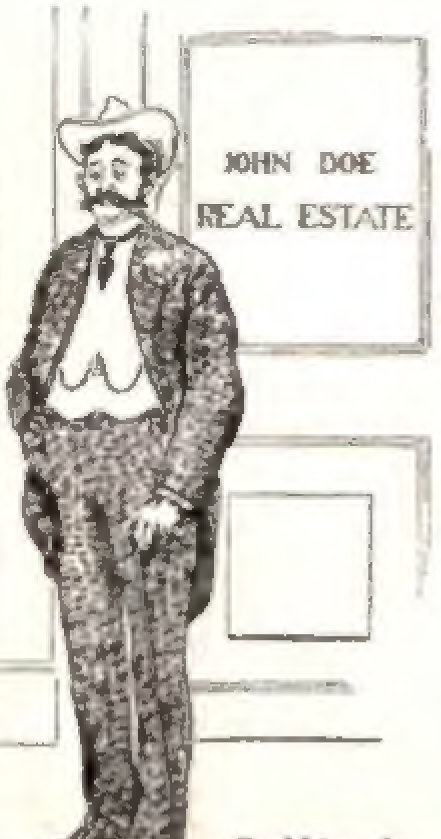
"Wull, I hope ye'll come often!" she cried when I was leaving. "Yez do me good! But say"—her old face got curious again—"what about yer scheme for money? Ain't yez tellin' me?"

"Can't," I said; "not till next week—or maybe the next." Then I went back to the boss and told him.

My scheme was simple. I had looked up Tommy. At his Newark address I found that a month before he had gone off on a long drunk, got fired and disappeared. I spent two weeks of nights and traced him at last to a saloon on the edge of Chinatown. He was living with a gang of young thugs. He had acquired the opium habit, and was fast going to the bad. The only thing that kept him half straight was his old mother—or rather her money. He washed up every Sunday morning, came home and stayed till Sunday night.

Now "the habit" comes on at a certain hour, as regular as clockwork. The intervals between grow smaller as the habit fastens. Well, Tommy only wanted it once a day: at eight in the evening. There was a chance to save him yet. I knew how the old lady loved him. She had told me his whole long, monotonous story from the cradle up. And Sunday with Tommy was her whole week; that was really all that kept her alive.

Now, my scheme was to save the boy, by showing her his condition, so that instead of letting him sell her house when she died, and go to the dogs with the money, she would put him away in a sanitarium and have an annuity of five hundred dollars to support him later. To do this she would have to sell us her house.



Grabbing the Best Places was My Game

The trouble was to prove to her that Tommy was a "dope fiend." I was afraid to tell her for fear she would ask him and he would talk her around as he always did. So, although I hated to shock her suddenly, there was no other way. I hired an undertaker in Chinatown who knew every dive and so did a big business. One night he and I went into an innocent-looking Chinese laundry. The man in the laundry grinned and showed us into a small kitchen behind; then opened a trap-door and took us down a short ladder to the pitch-dark basement. Here he lit a candle and opened a door. We looked over his shoulder into a closet five by seven. A bed-platform completely filled it. The candle-light showed only the thick billowy smoke which smelled sickening sweet. The Chinaman reached through and pulled out Tommy. He was "doped" for sure. His eyes were open and glassy—what a girl would call "creepy." It made you wonder—with a cold chill—where Tommy himself was.

We got him out quickly, by a back way, into the carriage we had waiting, and so to Cherry Street. I went upstairs first and told her the whole story, and, as I finished, the driver and the undertaker brought him up. The old lady took it quietly enough—sitting up stiff in bed and looking at him. But her old eyes were terrible—half out of the sockets and her mouth was a straight line. She gave me her key, and told me to lock the door and throw the key over the transom. The next day and the next she kept Tommy there. He got worse and worse as each night passed with no opium. I was there half the time to help her. I went over and over my scheme with her, for her mind was so dulled that we made slow progress. I brought a doctor from the sanitarium I had picked, and he was willing to take Tommy and Granny, too. That settled it. The old lady sold us the house and lot, cried a good deal, and then went off with Tommy. I'll never forget the look she gave me when she thanked me for saving his life. I hope I did. We gave her a fair price; tore down the old house; put up a big tenement; sold it a year later and cleared three thousand dollars. My salary was raised to twenty dollars a week. I had grabbed a place at last!

On the strength of this I married Rachel. I was twenty and she was nineteen. We were very happy, of course, but we made up our minds to be happier still. We both wanted money, and we went to work hard at once to get it.

Rachel's dower was eight hundred dollars. With this I became what they call a "cockroach." (You have to get used to hard names when a lot of slow people envy your success.) It was this way:

From my old college studies of the immigrants I had long ago picked the Italians. They are easy to manage, they live cheaply and they can crowd up. The Italian banks and other records show what tremendous sums go back to Italy; the Italian saves more than any other immigrant.

One afternoon when down near Mulberry Bend on business I saw two Italian women leaning over the side of their front steps jabbering hard to an old hag in the basement. I came closer and saw her sell them each a paper of cooked beans for a cent. I pricked up my ears, questioned the corner policeman and the storekeepers. I brushed up my memory on Italian living expenses in Italy, and then I got a health inspector to take me through some of their tenements. Here I saw that as many as eight or nine slept in a room.

I had long talks with Rachel. For the past year my boss had owned a tenement on Mulberry Street, which he could not sell at a profit because it seemed impossible to get higher rents out of the Irish and German tenants. The year's rents on his house added up to seven hundred dollars, which, when taxes and other items were sliced off, left him a bare seven and a half per cent. on his capital. I offered him seven hundred dollars in a lump, to rent the house one year. He accepted.

Rachel and I had anxious talks that last week before our wedding. But we stuck to it, paid him the seven hundred dollars out of her dowry, and moved into the house the day we married—May first. We had chosen this wedding day on purpose; we had given notice to all the old tenants that rents were raised twenty per cent.; they had all left, and through an Italian banker padrone I brought in a crowd of Italians.

At once the beauty of my scheme appeared. These Italians paid the higher rent I asked, but at the same time they took in boarders and so paid per head a lower rent than the Irish had. They paid regularly, too; I arranged that with the Italian banker (for a small consideration). Their jobs, wages, votes—all were in his hands, and through him I did wonders. Another big advantage: Rachel and I lived in the house, not only saving janitor's wages, but watching our tenants night and day. Of course, I could be there only at night, but Rachel was there all day. Her beauty now seemed to grow every day, and she used it well. The Italians worshiped her. She helped those immigrant women buy cheap, pretty clothes to retain their husband's affections; she weeded out all drunkards; she brightened the house with gay, warm colors on the walls; she even had the Italian flag painted on the wall of the upper hall. She learned Italian of an old woman in the attic rear room. She studied all their customs and soon saw that their religion was the key to everything. So through the banker we got in with the priest. By little gifts to his religious work and by aid in religious processions and picnics, as well as by little personal attentions and presents, we made him our friend.

What happy days those were! Just married, young, and ambitious—when I came home tired from a long, hard day in the office, I found Rachel fresh and clean as though she had not worked hard herself. Our three rooms were neat and prettily fixed up. And then after supper she would teach me Italian or tell me of some ignorant Italian woman who worshiped her. We used to laugh till the tears rolled.

We ourselves had given up our old Jewish religion. We had to. With six hundred and thirteen commandments, including the most minute directions about food and cooking and clothes; with a dozen prayers required each day, besides going morning and evening to the synagogue; with some fifty feast and fast days and with a Saturday Sabbath all this may have fitted the old European Ghetto, but not New York.

(Concluded on Page 15)

The Incomplete Amorist

BY E. NESBIT

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XII—THE RESCUE

WHEN Vernon had read Betty's letter—and holding it up to the light he was able to read the scratched-out words almost as easily as the others—he decided that he might as well know where she worked, and one day, after he had called on Lady St. Craye, he found himself walking along the Rue de Vaugirard. Lady St. Craye was charming. And she had been quite right when she had said that he would find a special charm in the companionship of one in whose heart his past love-making seemed to have planted no thorns. Yet her charm, by its very nature—its finished elegance, its conscious authority—made him think with the more interest of the unformed, immature grace of the other woman—Betty, in whose heart he had not had the chance to plant either thorns or roses.

How could he find out? Concierges are venal, but Vernon disliked base instruments. He would act boldly. It was always the best way. He would ask to see this Madame Gautier—if Betty were present he must take his chance. It would be interesting to see whether she would commit herself to his plot by not recognizing him. If she did that—yet he hoped she wouldn't. If she did recognize him he would say that it was through Miss Desmond's relatives that he had heard of Madame Gautier. Betty could not contradict him. He would invent a niece whose parents wished to place her with Madame. Then he could ask as many questions as he liked, about hours and studios, and all the details of the life Betty led. It was a simple, straightforward design, and one that carried success in its pocket. No one could suspect anything.

Yet at the very first step suspicion, or what looked like it, stared at him from the eyes of the concierge when he asked for Madame Gautier.

"You will see her never," the woman said dramatically; "she sees no one any more."

"Is it that she is ill?"

"It is that she is dead—and the dead no not receive, Monsieur." She laughed, and told the tale of death circumstantially, with grim relish.

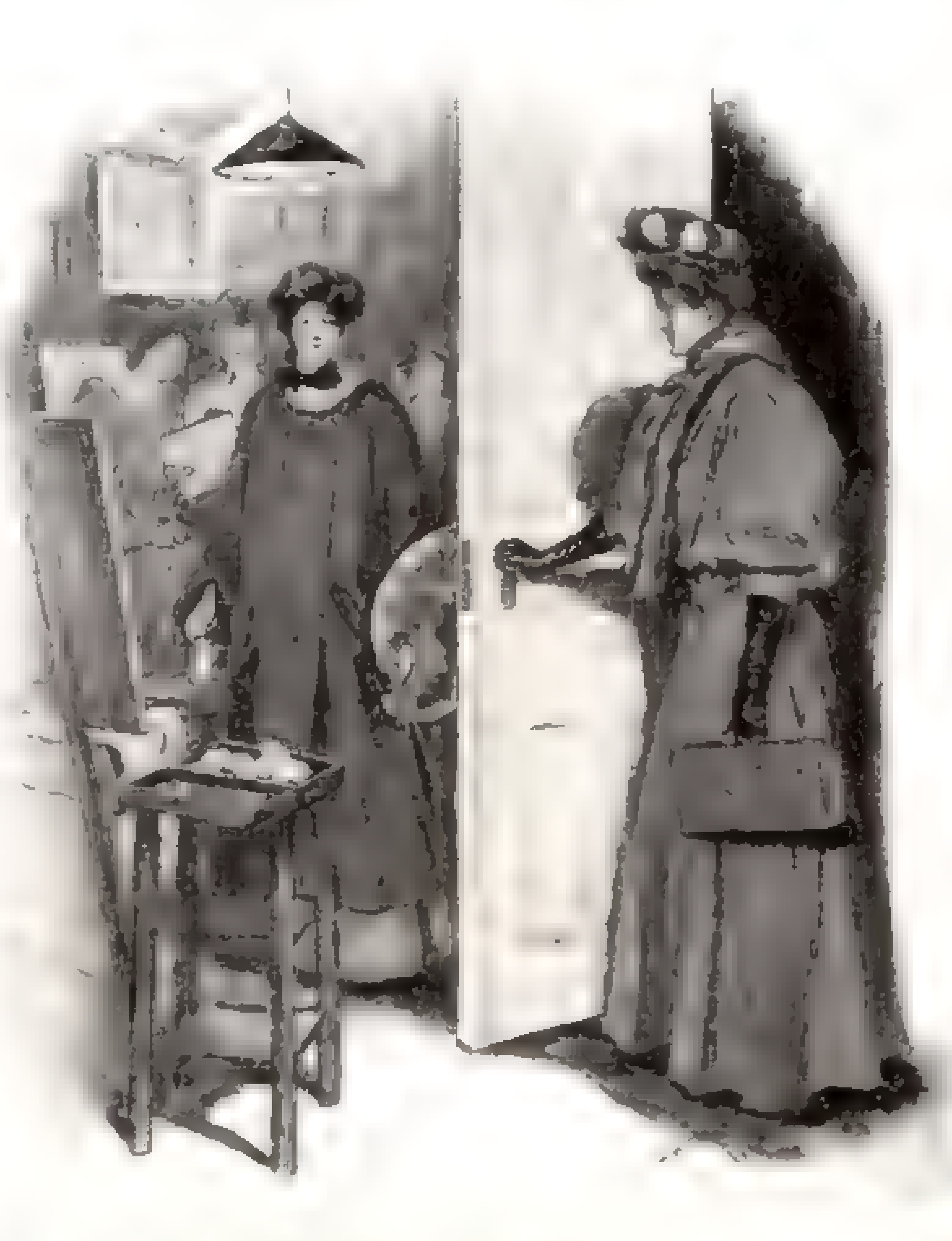
"And the young ladies—they have returned to their parents?"

"Ah, it is in the young ladies that Monsieur interests himself? But yes. Madame's brother, who is in the Commerce at Nantes, he restored instantly the young ladies to their friends. One was already with her aunt."

Vernon had money ready in his hand.

"What was her name, Madame the young lady with the aunt?"

"But I know not, Monsieur. She was a new young lady, who had been with Madame at her villa—I have not seen her. At the time of the regrettable accident she was with her aunt, and doubtless remains there. Thank you."



Betty Looked Nervously Round—
The Scene was Agitatingly Unfamiliar

So Betty had never come to the Rue Vaugirard! The aunt must somehow have heard the news—perhaps she had called on the way to the train—and Betty now was Heaven alone knew where.

Vernon for a day or two made a point of being near when the studios—Julien's, Carlorossi's, Delacluse's—disgorged their students. But he did not see Betty, because she was not studying at any of these places, but at the Atelier Bianchi, of which he never thought. So he shrugged his shoulders, and again saw Lady St. Craye.

"You know," said this lady, "what makes it so delightful to talk to you is that I can say exactly what I like. You won't expect me to be clever, or shy, or any of those tiresome things. We can be perfectly frank with each other. And that's such a relief, isn't it?"

"I wonder whether it would be—supposing it could be?" said he.

They were driving in the Bois, among the autumn-tinted trees where the pale mist wreaths wandered like ghosts in the late afternoon.

"Of course it could be; it is," she said, opening her eyes at him under the brim of her marvel of a hat; "at least it is for simple folk like me. Why don't you wear a window in your breast as I do?"

She laid her perfectly gloved hand on her sables.

"Is there really a window? Can one see into your heart?"

"*One* can—not the rest. Just the one from whom one feareth nothing, expecteth nothing, hopeth nothing. That's out of the Bible, isn't it?"

"It's near enough," said he. "Of course, to you it's a new sensation to have the window in your breast. Whereas I, from innocent childhood to earnest manhood, have ever been open as the day."

"Yes," she said, "you were always transparent enough. But one is so blind when one is in love."

Her calm references to the past always piqued him.

"I don't think Love is so blind as he's painted," he said; "always as soon as I begin to be in love with people I begin to see their faults."

"You may be transparent, but you haven't a good mirror," she laughed; "you don't see yourself as you are. It isn't when you begin to love people that you see their faults, is it? It's really when they begin to love you."

"But I never begin to love people till they begin to love me. I'm too modest."

"And I never love people after they've done loving me. I'm too ——"

"Too what?"

"Too something—forgetful, is it? I mean it takes two to make a quarrel, and it certainly takes two to make a love-affair."

"And what about all the broken hearts?"

"What broken hearts?"

"The ones you find in the poets and the story-books."

"That's just where you do find them. Nowhere else. Now, honestly, has your heart ever been broken?"

"Not yet: so be careful how you play with it. You don't often find such a perfect specimen—absolutely not a crack or a chip."

"The pitcher shouldn't crow too loud—can pitchers crow? They have ears, of course, but only the little pitchers. The ones that go to the well should go in modest silence."

"Dear Lady," he said almost impatiently, "what is there about me that drives my friends to stick up danger-boards all along my path? 'This way to Destruction!' you all label them. I am always being solemnly warned that I shall get my heart broken one of these days if I don't look out."

"I wish you wouldn't call me dear Lady," she said; "it's not the mode any more."

"What may I call you?" he had to ask, turning to look in her eyes.

"You needn't call me anything. I hate being called names. That's a pretty girl—not the dark one, the one with the fur hat."

He turned to look.

Two girls were walking briskly under the falling leaves. And the one with the fur hat was Betty. But it was at the other that he gazed even as he returned Betty's prim little bow. He even turned a little as the carriage passed to look more intently at the tall figure in shabby black whose arm Betty held.

"Well?" said Lady St. Craye, breaking the silence that followed.

"Well?" said he, rousing himself, but too late. "You were saying I might call you ——"

"It's not what I was saying—it's what you were looking. Who is the girl, and why don't you approve of her companion?"

"Who says I don't wear a window in my breast?" he laughed. "The girl's a little country girl I knew in England—I didn't know she was in Paris. And I thought I knew the woman, too, but that's impossible: it's only a likeness."

"One nice thing about me is that I never ask inconvenient questions—or hardly ever. That one slipped out and I withdraw it. I don't want to know anything about anything and I'm sorry I spoke. I see, of course, that she is a little country girl you knew in England, and that you are not at all interested in her. How fast the leaves fall now, don't they?"

"No question of yours could be im—could be anything but flattering. But since you *are* interested ——"

"Not at all," she said politely.

"Oh, but do be interested," he urged, intent on checking her inconvenient interest, "because, really, it is rather interesting when you come to think of it. I was painting my big picture—I wish you'd come and see it, by the way. Will you, some day, and have tea in my studio?"

"I should love it. When shall I come?"

"Whenever you will."

He wished she would ask another question about Betty, but she wouldn't. He had to go on, a little awkwardly.

"Well, I only knew them for a week—her and her aunt and her father—and she's a nice, quiet little thing. The father's a parson—all of them are all that is respectable."

She listened, but she did not speak.

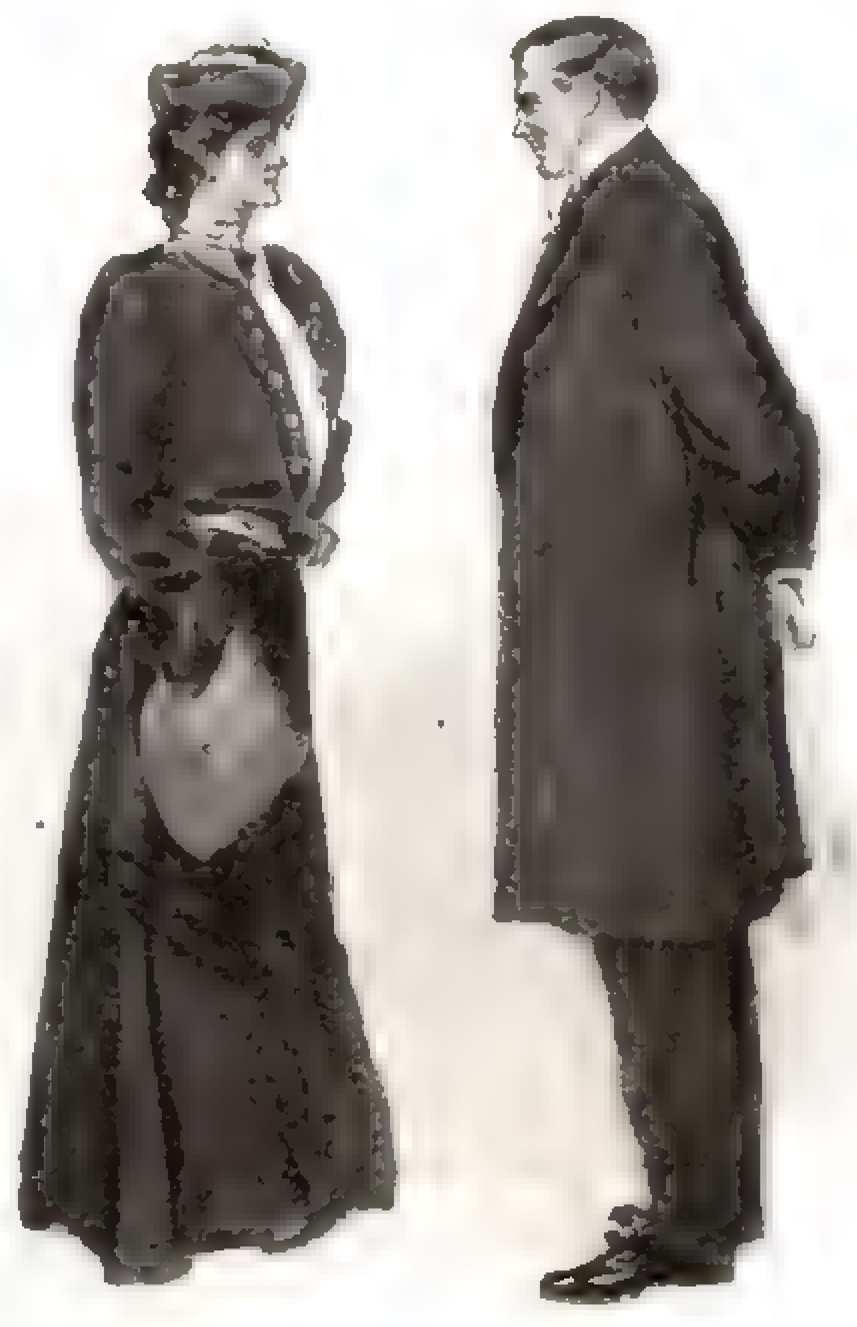
"And I was rather surprised to see her here. And for the moment I thought the woman with her was ——"

"I see," said Lady St. Craye. "Well, no doubt you'll be seeing your little friend. You might ask her to tea when I come to see your picture."

"I wish I could." Vernon's manner was never so frank as when he was most on his guard. "She'd love to know you. I wish I could ask them to tea, but I don't know them well enough. And their address I don't know at all. It's a pity; she's a nice little thing."

It was beautifully done. Lady St. Craye inwardly applauded Vernon's acting, and none the less that her own part had grown strangely difficult. She was suddenly conscious of a longing to be alone—to let her face go. She gave herself a moment's pause, caught at her fine courage and said:

"Yes, it is a pity. However, I dare say it's safer for her that you can't ask her to tea. She *is* a nice little thing, and she might fall in love with you, and then, your modesty appeased, you might follow suit! Isn't it annoying when one can't pick up the thread of a conversation? All the time you've been talking I've been wondering what we were talking about before I pointed out the fur hat to you. And I nearly remember, and I can't quite. That is always so worrying, isn't it?"



"Yes," Said He. "It's Certainly Mysterious"

Her acting was as good as his. And his perception at the moment less clear than hers.

He gave a breath of relief. It would never have done to have Lady St. Craye spying on him and Betty; and, now he knew that she was in Paris, he knew, too, that it would be "him and Betty."

"We were talking," he said carefully, "about calling names."

"Oh, thank you! When one can't remember those silly little things it's like wanting to sneeze and not being able to, isn't it? But we must turn back, or I shall be late for dinner, and I daren't think of the names my hostess will call me then. She has a vocabulary, you know." She named a name, and Vernon thought it was he who kept the talk busy among acquaintances till the moment for parting Lady St. Craye knew that it was she.

The moment Betty had bowed to Mr. Vernon she turned her head in answer to the pressure on her arm.

"Who's that?" her friend asked.

Betty named him, and in a voice genuinely unconcerned.

"How long have you known him?"

"I knew him for a week last spring: he gave me a few lessons. He is a great favorite of my aunt's, but we don't know him much. And I thought he was in Vienna."

"Does he know where you are?"

"No."

"Then mind he doesn't."

"Why?"

"Because when girls are living alone they can't be too careful. Remember you're the person that's responsible for Betty Desmond now. You haven't your aunt and your father to take care of you."

"I've got you," said Betty affectionately.

"Yes, you've got me," said her friend.

Life in the new rooms was going very easily and pleasantly. Betty had covered some cushions with the soft green silk of an old evening dress Aunt Julia had given her; she had bought chrysanthemums in pots; and now all her little belongings lay about, and here, in this foreign setting, did really stamp the room with a pretty, delicate, conventional individuality.

The experiments in cooking were amusing; so were the marketings in odd little shops that sold what one wanted, and a great many things that one had never heard of. The round of concerts and theatres and tram-rides had not begun yet. In the evenings Betty drew, while Paula read aloud—from the library of stray Tauchnitz books Betty had gleaned from foreign bookstalls. It was a very busy, pleasant home-life. And the studio life did not lack interest.

Betty suffered a martyrdom of nervousness when first—a little late—she entered the atelier. It is a large, light room; a semi-circular alcove at one end, hung with pleasant-colored drapery, holds a grand piano. All along one side are big windows that give on an old garden—once a convent garden where nuns used to walk, telling their beads. The walls are covered with sketches, posters, studies. Betty looked nervously round: the scene was agitatingly unfamiliar. The strange faces, the girls in many-hued painting pinafores, the little forest of easels, and on the square wooden platform the model—smooth, brown, with limbs set—moveless as a figure of wax.

Betty got to work as soon as she knew how one began to get to work. It was her first attempt at a drawing from the life, saving certain not unsuccessful caricatures of her fellow-pupils, her professor and her chaperon. So far she had only been set to do landscape and laborious drawings of casts from the antique. The work was much harder than she had expected. And the heat was overpowering. She wondered how these other girls could stand it. Their amused, half-patronizing, half-disdainful glances made her furious.

She rubbed out most of the lines she had put in and gasped for breath.

The room, the students, all swam before her eyes. She got to the door somehow, opened and shut it, and found herself sitting on the top stair with closed eyelids and heart beating heavily.

Some one held water to her lips. She was being fanned with a handkerchief.

"I'm all right," she said.

"Yes, it's hotter than usual to-day," said the handkerchief-holder, fanning vigorously.

Betty laughed and opened her eyes.

"How jolly of you to come out after me," said Betty.

"Oh, I was just the same at first. All right now? I ought to get back. You just sit here till you feel fit again. So long!"

So Betty sat there on the bare, wide, brown stair, staring at the window, till things had steadied themselves, and then she went back to her work.

Her easel was there, and her half-rubbed out drawing—no, that was not her drawing. It was a head, vaguely but very competently sketched, a likeness—no, a caricature—of Betty herself.

She looked round—one quick but quite sufficient look. The girl next her, and the one to that girl's right, were exchanging glances, and the exchange ceased just too late. Betty saw.

From then till the rest Betty did not look at the model. She looked, but furtively, at those two girls. When, at the rest-time, the model stretched and yawned, most of the students took their "easy" on the stairs: among these the two.

Betty, who never lacked courage, took charcoal in hand and advanced quite boldly to the easel next to her own.

How she envied the quality of the drawing she saw there! But envy does not teach mercy. The little sketch that Betty left on the corner of the drawing was quite as faithful, and far more cruel, than the one on her own paper. Then she went on to the next easel. The few students who were chatting with the model looked curiously at her and giggled among themselves.

When the rest was over the students trooped back, and the two girls—Betty's enemies, as she bitterly felt—returned to their easels. They looked at their drawings; they looked at each other, and they looked at Betty. And when they looked at her they smiled.

"Well done!" the girl next her said softly. "For a tenderfoot you hit back fairly straight. I guess you'll do!"

"You're very kind," said Betty haughtily.

"Don't you get your quills up," said the girl. "I hit first, but you hit hardest. I don't know you—but I want to."

She smiled so queer yet friendly a smile that Betty's haughtiness had to dissolve in an answering smile.

"My name's Betty Desmond," she said. "I wonder why you wanted to hit a man when he was down."

"My!" said the girl. "How was I to surmise about you being down? You looked dandy enough—fit to lick all creation."

"I've never been in a studio before," said Betty, fixing fresh paper.

"My!" said the girl. "Turn the faucet off now. The model don't like us to whisper. Can't stand the draft."

So Betty was silent, working busily. But next day she was greeted with friendly nods, and she had some one to speak to in the rest-intervals.

On the third day she was asked to a studio party by the girl who had fanned her on the stairs. "And bring your friend with you," she said.

But Betty's friend had a headache that day. Betty went alone and came home full of the party.

"She's got such a jolly studio," she said; "ever so high up—and busts and casts and things. Every one was so nice to me—you can't think; it was just like what one hears of Girton Cocoa parties. We had tea—such weak tea, Paula, it could hardly crawl out of the teapot!"

"Were there any young men?" asked Paula.

"Two or three very, very young ones—they came late. But they might as well have been girls; there wasn't any flirting or nonsense of that sort, Paula Don't you think we might give a party not now, but presently, when we know some more people? Do you think they'd like it? Or would they think it a bore?"

"They'd love it, I should think." Paula looked round the room which, already, she loved "And what did you all talk about?"

"Work," said Betty, "work and work and work and work and work, every one talked about their work, and every one else listened and watched for the chance to begin to talk about theirs. This is real life, my dear. I am so glad I'm beginning to know people. Miss Voscoe is very queer, but she's a dear. She's the one who caricatured me the first day. Oh, we shall do now, sha'n't we?"

"Yes," said the other, "you'll do now."

"I said 'we,'" Betty corrected softly.

"I meant we, of course," said Miss Conway.

XIII—CONTRASTS

VERNON'S idea of a studio was a place to work in, a place where there should be room for all the tools of one's trade, and besides, a great space to walk up and down in during those moods that seize on all artists when their work will not come as they want it.

But when he gave tea-parties he had a store of draperies to pull out from his carved cupboard deeply colored things embroidered in rich silk and heavy gold Chinese, Burmese, Japanese, Russian.

He came in to-day with an armful of fair chrysanthemums, deftly set them in tall brazen jars, pulled out his draperies and arranged them swiftly. A tea-cloth worked by Russian peasants lay under the teacups two only—of yellow Chinese eggshell ware. His teapot and cream-jug were Queen Anne silver, heirlooms at which he mocked. But he saw to it that they were kept bright.

He lighted the spirit lamp.

"She was always confoundedly punctual," he said.

But to-day Lady St. Craye was not punctual. She arrived half an hour late, and the delay had given her host time to think about her.

He heard her voice in the courtyard at last—but the only window that looked that way was set high in the wall of the little corridor, and he could not see who it was to whom she was talking And he wondered, because the inflection of her voice was English not the exquisite imitation of the French inflection which he had so often admired in her.

He opened the door and went to the stair-head. The voices were coming up the steps.

"A caller," said Vernon, and added a word or two. However little you may be in love with a woman, two is better company than three.

The voices came up. He saw the golden brown shimmer of Lady St. Craye's hat, and knew that it matched her hair and that there would be violets somewhere under the brim of it—violets that would make her eyes look violet, too. She was coming up—a man just behind her. She came round the last turn, and the man was Temple.

"What an Alpine ascent!" she exclaimed, reaching up her hand so that Vernon drew her up the last three steps. "We have been hunting you together, on both the other staircases. Now that the chase is ended, won't you present your friend? And I'll bow to him as soon as I'm on firm ground!"

Vernon made the presentation and held the door open for Lady St. Craye to pass. As she did so Temple, behind her, raised eyebrows which said

"Am I inconvenient? Shall I borrow a book or something and go?"

Vernon shook his head. It was annoying, but inevitable. He could only hope that Lady St. Craye also was disappointed.

"How punctual you are," he said. "Sit here, won't you?—I hadn't finished laying the table." He deliberately brought out four more cups. "What unnatural penetration you have, Temple! How did you find out that this is the day when I sit 'at home' and wait for people to come and buy my pictures?"

"And no one's come?" Lady St. Craye had sunk into the chair and was pulling off her gloves. "That's very disappointing. I thought I should meet dozens of clever and interesting people, and I only meet two."

Her brilliant smile made the words seem neither banal nor impertinent.

Vernon was pleased to note that he was not the only one who was disappointed.

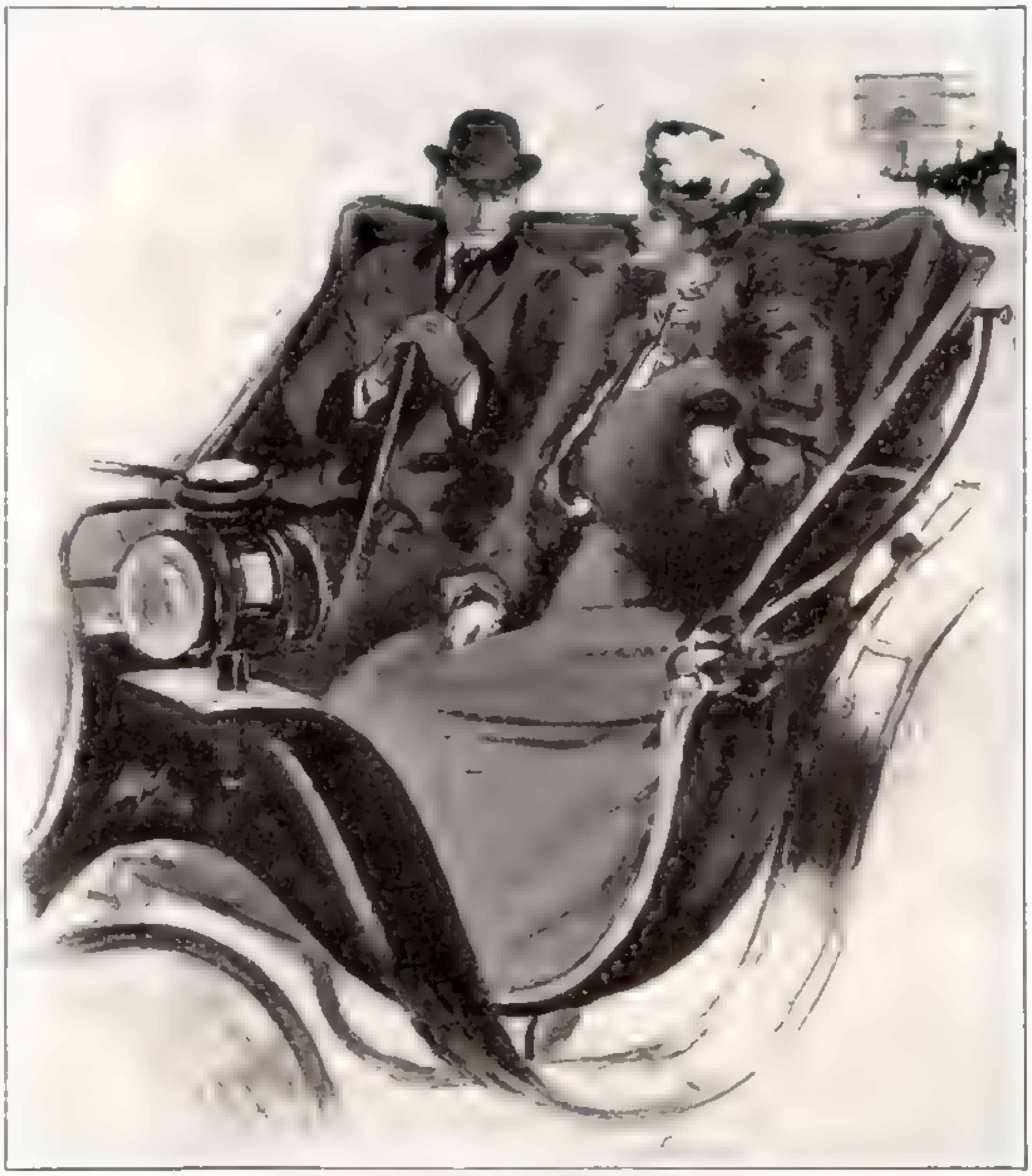
"You are too kind," he said gravely

Temple was looking round the room.

"Jolly place you've got here," he said, "but it's hard to find. I should have gone off in despair if I hadn't met Lady St. Craye."

"We kept each other's courage up, didn't we, Mr. Temple? It was like arctic explorers. I was beginning to think we should have to make a camp and cook my muff for tea."

She held out the sable and Vernon laid it on the couch when he had held it to his face for a moment.



"I Wish You Wouldn't Call Me Dear Lady," She Said

"I love the touch of fur," he said; "and your fur is scented with the scent of summer gardens, 'open jasmine-muffled lattices'," he quoted softly

Temple had wandered to the window.

"What ripping roofs!" he said. "Can one get out on them?"

"Now what," demanded Vernon, "is the hidden mainspring that impels every man who comes into these rooms to ask, instantly, whether one can get out on to the roof? It's only Englishmen, by the way; Americans never ask it, nor Frenchmen."

"It's the exploring spirit, I suppose," said Temple idly; "the spirit that has made England the Empire which—et cetera."

"On which the sun never sets. Yes—but I think the sunset would be one of the attractions of your roof, Mr Vernon."

"Sunset is never attractive to me," said he, "not autumn. Give me sunrise, a spring."

"Ah, yes," said Lady St. Craye, "you only like beginnings. Isn't your kettle boiling over, Mr. Vernon?"

Lady St. Craye's eyes, while they delicately condoled with Vernon on the spoiling of his tête-à-tête with her, were also made to indicate a certain interest in the spoiler. Temple was more than six feet high, well built He had regular features and clear gray eyes, with very long dark lashes. His mouth was firm and its lines were good. But for his close-cropped hair and for a bearing at once frank, assured and modest, he would have been much handsomer than a man has any need to be. But his expression saved him. No one ever called him a barber's block

To Temple, Lady St. Craye appeared the most charming woman he had ever seen. It was an effect which she had the habit of producing. He had said of her in his haste that she was all clothes and no woman. Now he saw that on the contrary the clothes were quite intimately part of the woman, and took such value as they had from her. The chair in which she sat wore a Chinese blue drapery. The yellow teacups gave the highest note in the picture.

"If I were Whistler I should ask you to let me paint your portrait like that—yes, with my despicable yellow teacup in your honorable hand," said Vernon.

"If you were Mr. Whistler—or anything in the least like Mr. Whistler—I shouldn't be drinking tea out of your honorable teacup," she said. "Do you really think, Mr. Temple, that one ought not to say one doesn't like people just because they're dead?"

He had been thinking something a little like it. "Well," he said rather awkwardly, "you see, dead people can't hit back."

"No more can live ones when you don't hit them, but only stick pins in their effigies. I'd rather speak ill of the dead than the living."

"Yet it doesn't seem fair, somehow," Temple insisted.

"But why? No one can go and tell the poor things what people are saying of them. You don't go and unfold a shroud just to whisper in a corpse's ear: 'It was horrid of her to say it, but I thought you ought to know, dear.' And if you did they wouldn't lie awake at night worrying over it as the poor live people do. No more tea, thank you."

"Do you really think any one worries about what any one says?"

"Don't you, Mr. Temple?"

He reflected

"He never has anything to worry about," Vernon put in; "no one ever says anything unkind about him. The cruelest thing any one ever said of him was that he would make as excellent a husband as Albert the Good."

"The white flower of a blameless life? My felicitations." Lady St. Craye smiled them.

Temple flushed.

"Now, isn't it odd," Vernon asked, "that, however much one plumes one's self on one's blamelessness, one hates to hear it attributed to one by others? One is good by stealth and blushes to find it fame."

"Isn't the inward truth the really important thing?" said Temple rather heavily.

Lady St. Craye looked at him in such a way as to make him understand that she understood. Vernon looked at them both, and turned to the window.

"Yes," she said very softly, "but one doesn't talk about that, any more than one does of one's prayers or one's love-affairs."

The plural vexed Temple, and he told himself how unreasonable the vexation was.

Lady St. Craye turned her charming head to look at him, to look at Vernon. One had loved her. The other might. There is in the world no better company than this.

Temple, always deeply interested in women's clothes, was noting the long, firm folds of her skirt. Vernon had turned from the window to approve the loving closeness of those violets against her hair. Lady St. Craye in her graceful attitude of conscious unconsciousness was the focus of their eyes.

"Here comes a millionaire to buy your pictures," she said suddenly. "No—a millionairess, by the sound of her high-heeled shoes."

(Continued on Page [illegible])

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Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

¶ The door of opportunity has no place for knockers.

¶ In all good things begin at the bottom. In evils strike at the top.

¶ If Socialism could bunch its hits it might figure larger in the score.

¶ A merger is a larger body of water connecting two large bodies of water.

¶ The pessimist is a paradox. He always expects to be disappointed, so he isn't.

¶ Seeing New York can be done for a dollar. Feeing New York would wreck an insurance president.

¶ Scientists say arms are growing longer. Every reason is given but the right one—the street-car strap.

¶ A man ashamed of his humble birth is never alone, because all good people are ashamed of him for being ashamed.

¶ An American is fond of referring to the plain people, but he never claims to belong to them unless he is running for office.

¶ With eighty thousand phantom voters struck from the lists it can no longer be said that the decent people of Philadelphia have not the ghost of a show at the polls.

The Dead "A. B."

COLLEGES would do well to find some honest substitute for the archaic bachelor degree. Let them give every student who has completed any definite course of study a certificate to that effect, stating clearly the nature and the amount of the work performed and the grade attained. This would be of some actual value to the young man in search of a job, provided his studies had anything to do with the job he applied for. Americans are fond of titles, but they are shrewd enough to give little weight to the capital letters that follow a name. And parents would not be deluded into maintaining an idle young hopeful at college when he had ceased to get any good from the place in order that he might "take his degree."

Personal Charity

WHEN a foreigner rents a house in Italy he may find that he has inherited from his predecessor a lot of dependents, who go with the property. These are the family poor, and their rights, though extra-legal, he will respect if he is merciful and continue their daily pittance of food and copper coin, which through centuries of custom they have come to associate with the home of abundance. In return these ragged retainers perform petty services, lie in the sun beneath the windows, and rise up, when their lord goes forth, to call him blessed.

We think we do these things better here. We have the police station and organized relief. Besides, beggary is a disgrace. So we discharge our sense of social obligations by a check to the Bureau of Associated Charities, or to our favorite hospital. Thanks to our improved system of charity, many a generous giver in America never in his life comes face to face with human misery—and never extends the personal hand of help to a fellow-man. We hire our good deeds done for us. It is an economical method. But it might be well, now and then, to know personally a few beggars, even if they were not deserving. It softens the hard polish of success to learn, personally, something about failure.

The Unbridled House

THANKS are due to Senator Patterson, of Colorado, for squarely raising the question whether a Senator is bound to yield to the mandate of his party, and answering it decisively in the negative. This removes the last complication, we believe, and fairly establishes the fact that a United States Senator is the only completely free and uncontrolled agency in Nature. The Constitution itself disposes of the argument, often foolishly raised, that a Senator should be responsive to the will of the people. A Senator does not represent people; but a State. He is not, however, a mere "ambassador" of the State, as sometimes vulgarly said. An ambassador is the agent of the crown, or president, and, therefore, clearly subject to the direction of the principal who appointed him. But a Senator is elected by the legislature, which is equal to the whole sovereign power of the State, and which in electing him passes on to him and incarnates in him that sovereign power. Having elected him, the legislature has exhausted its power in that regard; the combination is lost, so to speak, and nobody can operate it again until his term expires. Senators have at times voted according to the explicit instructions of their legislatures. At other times they have refused so to vote. It appears to be settled in the best constitutional minds in the upper house that when Senators have obeyed legislative instruction it was merely an act of good nature on their part, such instruction having no binding force. The Senator represents, not the people of the State, or the legislature, but just the State, and until the State tears itself out of the map and posts to Washington there is nothing he need obey. In Mr. Patterson's case a caucus of Democratic Senators sought to instruct him how to vote—upon a question which is of no importance whatever anyway, as it happens. This intolerable infringement of Senatorial prerogative he warmly and successfully resented with the moral support of a majority of his colleagues.

The Public Pays the Difference

NEW YORK and Chicago are looking at different ends of the same proposition. New York has a fairly up-to-date and efficient traction system, which is to be gathered up in a $225,000,000 corporation. The invested capital represents a very small island in a very large ocean of water. The public, of course, will have to pay interest on the difference between what the lines are actually worth and what Mr. Belmont and his associates think they ought to earn.

Chicago has the most miserable and archaic system of transporting in the world. It will have the privilege in a few weeks of saying whether the city shall take over this old junk and renovate it, issuing for the purpose $75,000,000 of "certificates." If the people of Chicago vote to try the experiment, first the courts will have to determine whether the "certificates" are worth anything; and then the city will have a chance to see how much it can get for the "certificates" in the way of municipal construction and operation. Competent judges believe that the $75,000,000 is a mere starter: when the city begins to build it will cost fifty per cent. more than it would a private corporation to install a satisfactory system.

In either case the public will pay the difference between the actual and the fictitious cost.

Progress in Flats

CHICAGO, with an air of conscious though modest pride, announces a new flat building with a garage in every flat and an elevator capable of hoisting the largest touring car to its berth, so the owner can visit it between meals and talk to it in his sleep.

This is an important step in advance. Flats are a necessity for the city poor. City rich or well-to-do, being without that necessity which is the mother of invention, live in flats simply because they are unable to think of anything better—except some who insist on having their living things like the poor, only larger and gaudier, so the difference may be readily measured at a glance. A flat in its nature and ineradicable essence is an abominable place for human beings to live in. If the well-to-do flatter awoke to a realization that he might as well live back of the stock yards because a great many people have to live there, as to live in a flat because others do, he would abandon his apartment, and there would be a slump in rents. Hence the expenditure of endless ingenuity to keep him so amused over various features of his abode that he will forget its general discomfort, or to put in so many things that are obviously beyond the reach of the poor that he will felicitate himself on living in a superior state. Perhaps you could get him actually to live back of the yards if you would give him his stench in a gold-plated can.

To date, however, the "modern improvements" have been of a timid and trifling character—merely refrigerating plants, more expensive than ice and not so good; electric devices for opening the door, usually out of order, and the like. The garage is a bolder, more promising conception. It meets the situation frankly, recognizing that as an expensive flat is a freak anyway, the freakier the better. We hope to see flats not only with radium door-knobs, but with a collapsible stable and dog kennels, at least two holes and a bunker for golf, and so many other inventions that the tenant will be willing to sleep on the sideboard for the sake of giving his improvements house-room.

The Municipal Back Yard

OUR cities present an untidy, back-yard face to the approaching traveler. The harbor front of New York or San Francisco or New Orleans looks like the river side of a frontier town in comparison with the solid, stone quays of any European port. The railroads sprawl up and down the face of an American city as if they owned the place, and the citizens who chose to live there could roost where they might.

American municipalities have been making of late costly outlays for new parks and pleasure-grounds. They should turn their attention to improvements in the commercial districts. If corporations could be compelled to pay a tithe of their taxes, the money might be used to tidy up a harbor or river front, and for other permanent betterments of streets and squares. Cities are more than factories or railroad yards—and the day is surely coming when American people will not be content to work and live in the ugly, makeshift surroundings that we endure to-day.

The "Respectable Saloon-Keeper"

CHICAGO is the most crime-ridden community in the United States. The people are clamoring for more police to clear the streets of thugs and make them fairly safe for women and unarmed men. The easiest and most certain way to get the money for this additional policing is to raise the saloon tax from $500 to $1000. The proposed increase is met with a vigorous protest in behalf of the "respectable small saloon-keeper." The poor but honest saloon-keeper in a large city is a convenient fiction, like the small stockholder, and the famous widow and orphan of the trust. Seventy-two per cent. of all liquor licenses in Chicago are paid by the brewers. These gentlemen will have to put up a large part of the new tax, or close some of their saloons—which might reduce the work of the police force.

There are respectable men in all callings. Even prizefighters may share in the domestic virtues. But the respectable saloon-keeper is engaged in a dangerous occupation, and one that society has the right to tax to the limit. It has never succeeded in taxing it out of existence. With one saloon to every two hundred and fifty inhabitants, Chicago is not likely to suffer from thirst, even should half the saloons be closed. And it is probable that the small saloon-keeper—that is, the brewer—will be all the more careful about his respectability when he pays a thousand dollars for his license.

Can You Blame Mr. Garfield?

THE Government needs a capable managing editor. A great volume of evidence to that effect, including all of the President's messages to the present Congress, might be brought into court; but the single instance of Mr. Garfield and the beef trust will suffice. Any good managing editor would have saved the commissioner of corporations from all his troubles. It should go without saying that Mr. Garfield is a perfectly upright, well-meaning and rather innocent young man. He was directed by Congress to inquire whether there was a beef trust. So he went out to Chicago and asked the packers—evidently arguing that if there was a beef trust they would be the first persons to know it. They assured him there was not; and he so reported—whereupon a whole population rose and called him names.

But that is only half, for now the packers are arising and calling him names, too. It appears, from their allegations, that, in order to induce them to tell him they are not a trust, he promised not to divulge that they are a trust; and, although they are not a trust and there is no evidence anywhere of their being a trust, and the commissioner duly reported that they are not a trust, yet he someway dishonorably let out the secret that they are a trust. One could not well imagine a commissioner in a more unhappy situation.

A tincture of the worldly and cynical wisdom that is acquired in journalism would have sent Mr. Garfield, in the first place, not to the packers, but to their bitterest enemies. Then, in a very short time, he would have had all the packers sitting on his doorstep, begging to be permitted to come in and tell their side of the story on his own terms. Many things cannot be done successfully in a gentle and conciliatory manner.

MEN & WOMEN

Eighty-Five Years Young

IT ISN'T much of a trick to live to be eighty-five years old. But to be a vigorous and virile United States Senator at eighty-five is an accomplishment. Few men have done that. Edmund Winston Pettus, of Alabama, is one. More, at eighty-five he has notified his constituents that he is a candidate for reëlection and expects to begin his third term, debonairly, in his eighty-ninth year.

Numerous people attain distinction by great age. It is an easy way. All that is necessary is not to die. A centenarian, however humble, always gets a paragraph in the newspapers when he lets go his tenacious hold on life. Still, the list of men over eighty in active and great affairs is not so long that it burdens one's mind, and that is why the deep-chested, dome-headed Pettus is notable. If he were merely an old man it would be one thing, but he is more than that. He is a wise old man, an alert old man, a good counselor, a valuable Senator, and a delightful companion for any man of any age.

There is an ever-living story about every man worth while. Sometimes there are several, but there is always one.

The Pettus story is this: When ex-Senator Pugh was a candidate for reëlection to the Senate in 1896 he went to Alabama and held court as the boss. He thought he was in control. Pettus, then, as for many years, practicing law in Selma, approached Pugh and asked for his indorsement for a judgeship.

"Pshaw!" said Pugh arrogantly, "you are entirely too old to be a judge."

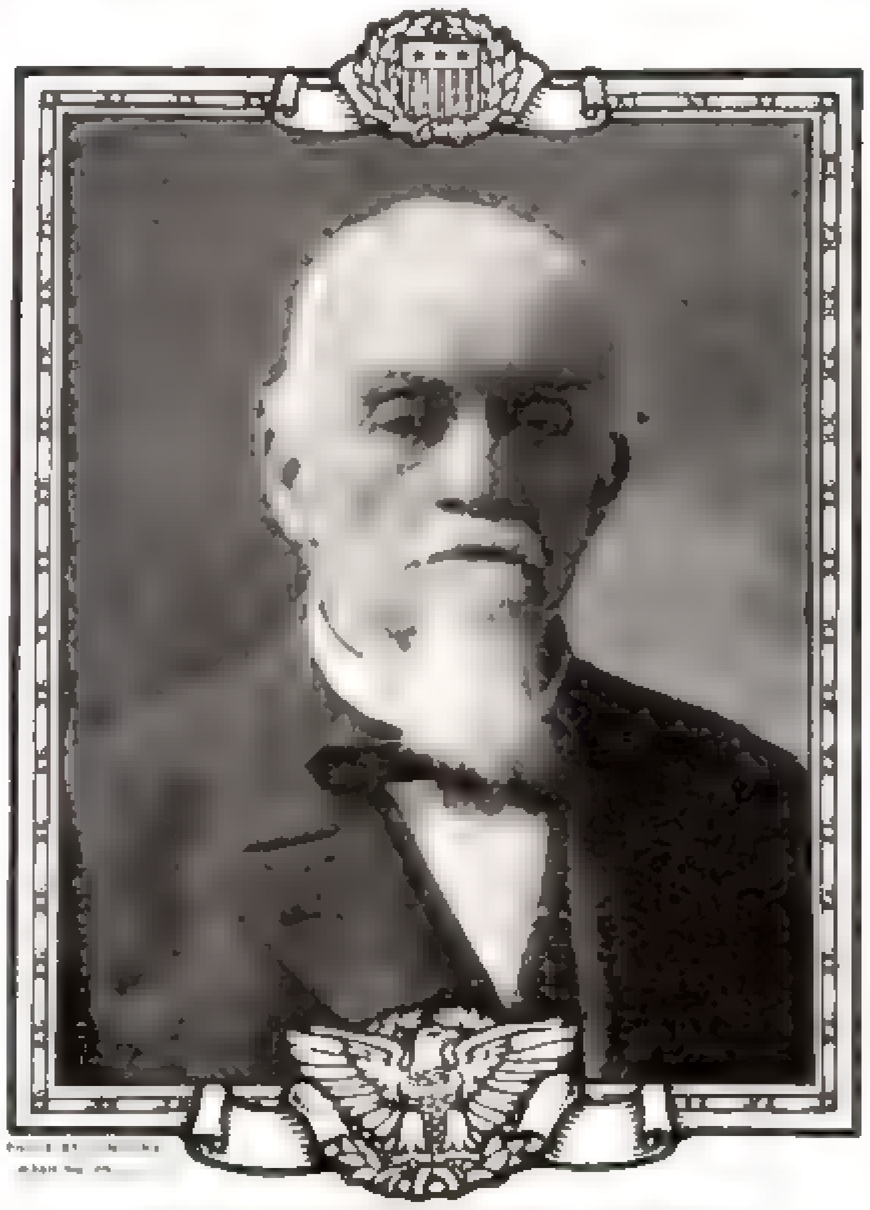
Pettus looked at Pugh for a minute. "Well, by gum," he said, "I'm not too old to be a Senator."

He wasn't. He went into the canvass and whipped Pugh, and he has been a Senator ever since.

Pettus sat quietly in his seat for three years after he came to Washington. He attended faithfully to his committee work, and his colleagues came to know him as a man deeply grounded in the law and with an exact knowledge of the Constitution and its interpretations. When the fight on the Porto Rico tariff was lively in 1900 there was much oratory. One day Senator Beveridge made a spread-eagle speech. It was a fine speech, eloquent, learned and to the point. The older men in the Senate resented the idea that a young man like Beveridge should make so good a speech or that he should make a speech at all. Young men in the Senate are expected to sit at the feet of the older ones and never peep.

Next day Senator Pettus got up. He had an amendment. "Mistuh President," he said, and everybody yawned. He began to talk about orators and oratory, the ruling powers of the Senate and a lot of things like that, and in three minutes those within hearing woke up to the fact that he was making one of the best and funniest speeches heard in the Senate in years. He talked for fifteen minutes, using Biblical illustrations and telling Biblical stories. The Senators crowded around him. The galleries roared. After he had finished he plodded solemnly out. There was an immediate attempt on the part of the correspondents to celebrate him as a humorist. "No, suh," he said, "I'm no humorist. Don't say that. I'm a serious man." But his eyes twinkled. Half a dozen times since he has made the same sort of a speech, quaint, full of sense and full of humor.

One is reminded of a buffalo when Pettus comes into the Senate chamber. He has shoulders a yard across and a barrel of a chest upholding a short, thick neck and a massive head. When he walks he holds his head forward and shakes it slowly from side to side. It is fascinating to watch the sturdy old man and speculate on how strong he was when he was in his prime. "I can throw a mule over the fence," he said the other day when telling how well he felt. "That is," he said, after a moment's pause, "if the mule is small enough."



Senator Edmund Winston Pettus, of Alabama

He chews tobacco just as he chewed it seventy years ago and he likes to play cards. He is a studious old fellow, continually at his books, and is one of the best Shakespearean and Bible scholars in the Congress. "I have always been literary," he says. "I took the first library into California in the days of forty-nine." Then he chuckles. It was this way: He left Selma with a party of neighbors at the beginning of the gold excitement and rode horseback to California. He carried a Bible and a copy of Shakespeare in his saddle-bags and read them while on horseback and by the light of the campfires at night. That is why he is so proficient in Shakespeare and the Bible, and those volumes were the library he took to California. The Senator asserts that no better library has been sent or taken there since.

Pettus illustrates better than any man in public life the newness of our country. He is in direct line from the Revolution. His mother was the daughter of Captain Anthony Winston, of Virginia, who was with Washington. Pettus was a lieutenant in the Mexican War and a brigadier-general in the Confederate army in the Civil War. There is a big, sprawly painting of the battle of Chapultepec over one of the stairways in the Senate wing of the Capitol. A few days ago a man was studying the picture. Senator Pettus came along.

"Sir," said the man, "I observe that you are an old man. Will you kindly tell me if the people of those days wore clothes like those in the picture there?"

"No, sir," thundered Pettus; "they did not! I was in that battle and I saw no such clothes as those. So far as raiment is concerned," he continued, "that representation is a mere pictorial lie."

The kindly humor, quaint manner and even disposition of Pettus attract everybody. He is loved by all the Senators. They all hope he will live many years to serve with them. A short time ago he had a fall on an icy sidewalk near the Capitol, and with the fine disregard he has for doctors he refused to call one. He cut one of his hands, daubed a bit of court-plaster on it and went along about his business. Next day he was at the Capitol and lay down on a couch in the Democratic cloakroom. A solicitous friend saw him and thought he was ill. Word went around the Capitol that he had fainted, and Senator Gallinger, of New Hampshire, who is a doctor, came in to see him. Senator Pettus protested. He got up and walked to his seat and stayed there. The story was telegraphed South that he had been ill—had had an attack of vertigo. After the Alabama papers came back Pettus called in a correspondent who had sent the news South, and said: "Son, observe this bit of court-plaster on my hand. That is the vertigo you were talking about. Now, if you had telegraphed to Alabama that I had insulted a lady on the street it wouldn't have mattered, for they would have known at home that it was not true, but when you sent out word that I had had a foolish thing like vertigo you hurt me. Don't do it any more."

Why Not Checkers?

THE recent trouble at the Naval Academy at Annapolis recalled to older naval officers the story about Admiral Jouett, who read one day in his newspaper that the Secretary of the Navy had expelled some midshipmen from the Academy for fighting.

Jouett toddled over to the Navy Department and called on the Secretary. "What's this I hear about expelling some boys for fighting?" he asked.

"It is true," the Secretary replied. "I expelled two."

"What!" roared Jouett. "What is a naval officer for if it isn't to fight? We are not raising a lot of ministers over there at Annapolis. Are you going to keep those middies playing checkers all the time?"

And, it may be remarked, a good many naval officers feel the same way at the present time.

Platt's Little Bag of Dollars

THE stepdaughter of Senator Platt, of New York, was married a short time ago. The Senator wanted to give her, as one of his presents, a thousand dollars in gold.

He asked his secretary to go to the Treasury and get a thousand dollars, newly minted and never used. The gold was obtained and placed in a bag, tied with a ribbon and sent to the Capitol.

The Senator was in his seat when the gold arrived. It was sent in to him by a page. He examined the bag, tossed it back and forth in his hands a few moments and then let it drop to the floor, thinking to pick it up at once.

Something interrupted him, he forgot all about it and went to his apartment. A few moments after Mr. Platt left his secretary found the gold and put it in the safe in the Senator's committee-room. He knew the Senator would ask about it sooner or later.

Next morning at four o'clock the secretary's telephone bell rang. He got up sleepily and answered the call.

"Hello!" came over the wire. "Is that you, Howe? Well, I wish you would go up to the Senate chamber right away and see if you can find that thousand dollars in gold. I dropped it up there and forgot all about it."

Howe told him he had it in the committee safe.

"I am glad of it," said the Senator. "It might have kept me awake a few minutes thinking about it."

The Hall of Fame

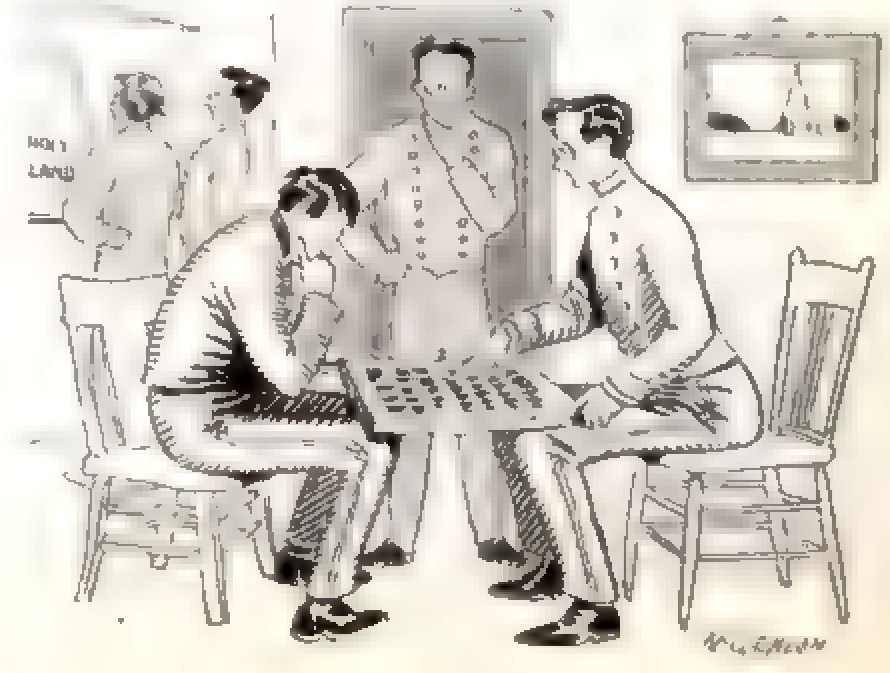
¶ Charles Freer, the millionaire Whistler collector of Detroit, owns the famous Peacock Room. He keeps it in a vault in his stable.

¶ President Roosevelt doesn't like automobiles. He has been importuned many times to buy one or accept one as a gift, but he refuses even to ride in them. He sticks to horses.

¶ The custom of having a box of snuff in the Senate is preserved. It stands near the wall back of the President's chair. Not many Senators use it, but occasionally one of the Southerners takes a pinch.

¶ Justices Harlan and McKenna, of the United States Supreme Court, play golf together. "There's McKenna," says Justice Harlan, commenting on his colleague's game; "he has magnificent form, but he can't hit the ball."

¶ North and South Carolina are competing with one another in the matter of giving presents to Speaker Cannon. North Carolina has sent him a bolt of homespun for a suit of clothes and a pair of yarn socks; South Carolina has sent a pair of knit "galluses" and a wool hat with a great broad brim. The Speaker is now waiting for a pair of cowhide boots and a hickory shirt. When they arrive he will astonish Congress by appearing in his new outfit.



Quitting the Strenuous Life

BY FORREST CRISSEY

Growing Flowers for Market

THERE are several choice and valuable building lots in La Grange, Illinois - a residence suburb about sixteen miles from Chicago—which are owned by a woman and were paid for from the output of her flower-beds. The story of how Miss Jennie M. Thatcher became the pioneer of amateur flower-growers for the Chicago market is like a chapter from a quiet New England romance—particularly to those who are privileged to feel the personal equation which gives the narrative a genuine charm not to be had from a less intimate touch with this tale of thrift, perseverance and industry.

Because of the problem which Miss Thatcher's circumstances forced her to grapple with, her experience is especially rich in suggestion to those who are reaching out for a home calling by which the family income may be increased. She distinctly disclaims that she had any special "passion" for flowers or any marked "knack" for making them grow.

Her experience began in 1874, when she removed with her father, mother and an unmarried brother from a country town to the suburb where she now lives. In the settlement of an unfortunate business venture, in which he met a decided reverse, her father found himself the possessor of the remnants of a "tree nursery" stock which he was at liberty to take or leave, as he might choose.

The future grower of flowers had the true New England spirit and determined that this way of settling a "bad debt" should not profit the debtor through any indifference of the creditor. She had worked as a seamstress, at the prosperous wages of $1.50 a day, and had put aside quite a snug little sum. She at once informed the family that she would spend every cent of her savings to move the nursery stock if they had to make a bonfire of it, rather than leave it behind.

A homestead was bought in La Grange and a small amount paid down on it, the balance being secured by a mortgage.

There was no bonfire of the trees and shrubs brought from that old home to the new; every tree, bush, vine, shrub and bulb was carefully planted and nurtured. All the energies of the family were instantly and fully dedicated to the lifting of the mortgage—and Miss Thatcher's nimble needle was reckoned quite as able an aid in this warfare as the strawberry bed or the blackberry patch.

Early in the spring, however, as Miss Thatcher took a Sabbath stroll about the place, she saw that the *Deutzia gracilis* had burst into prodigal bloom. Its sprays of delicate white blossoms seemed all the more welcome because there were almost no other blooms in sight to offer rival charms.

"How nice they look!" she remarked to her father. "They look just as pretty as anything you can see in the windows of a flower store in the city." Her own words contained the seed of suggestion which flowered into a rather daring determination. Very quietly—almost secretly—she cut a big basketful of the beautiful sprays and, next morning, put it upon her arm and took the cars for the city.

There were no wholesale florist shops in those days—only four years after the great Chicago fire—and so she went into the first retail flower store that came in her way, lifted the cover of her basket and displayed her wares to the proprietor.

"Those do look nice and fresh," he remarked, "but, of course, there isn't very much demand for them. Besides, we have so much spoil on our hands, you understand, that we can't afford to pay what it's really worth to grow them."

Baltimore Belle Rose-Bush in Mrs. H. E. Spaulding's Yard

Miss Thatcher was then unfamiliar with the dampening statements of the florist, but she has heard variations of those arguments every time, in the thirty years since then, that she has taken a basket of flowers to market. It is as natural, she declares, for a florist to dampen the expectations of an amateur grower with those stock suggestions as it is for him to spray certain flowers after he has secured them.

However, when the florist offered her two dollars for her blooms, she accepted eagerly and went her way rejoicing—and figuring on a new and undreamed-of line of attack upon the mortgage. Her fare in and out had been thirty-five cents, but she concluded the returns were better than those to be had by sewing ten hours, and the work pleasanter. Next day she was again in the city with another basket of gracilis sprays and a determination to learn how to turn all the "flower stock" from the old nursery to good account.

By going to another store she learned that she had parted with her wares at too cheap a price, and that she must play the game of barter and trade or be taken advantage of at every turn. Her next offering was in the form of great clusters of peonies—the very early red variety.

Although her first season's experience in flowers did not leave Miss Thatcher with a bank account of sensational proportions, she saw clearly that there was something substantial to be made from this pleasant avocation, and she began to plan for the next spring so that every salable blossom should be marketed. About the first of these were the fragrant plumes from the luxuriant clumps of lilacs—a part of the old nursery remnant that was not expected to yield anything but gratuitous springtime perfume. But the choicest clusters of these white and purple blooms were cut and carried to the city, bringing the plucky vender ten cents a bunch for the white and five cents for the purple. Though they were bulky and did not command a large price, they yielded so abundantly that the total revenue from the lilac-bushes was very satisfactory.

The peony beds also brought their mistress a very fair return, particularly as they required very little labor or attention beyond being snugly covered in the fall. For the early reds she secured a price then considered fancy, and the late pink and white blooms also sold well. Altogether, the peonies averaged at least fifty cents a dozen and yielded generously. Year after year she worked to have the early ones still earlier and to hold back the late varieties until they had few competitors in the market.

The common snowball was in full blossom on Decoration Day and met a ready sale for that occasion, a single order bringing $7.50. In earlier years, when "set pieces" were in greater favor, the globes of the snowball were torn in pieces and the fragments used in this kind of decorative work. Now, however, there is little demand of this kind, and Memorial Day is about the only time when there is a reliable call for snowball blooms.

The close of Miss Thatcher's second season, or practically her first full year in the business, left in her hands a net profit of fully one hundred dollars and stronger determination than ever to master the problem of growing flowers at home for the market. Although her bed of native lilies-of-the-valley had been decidedly profitable, she learned that the "bells" of the imported variety were much larger and more numerous. Consequently she secured a thousand of the imported plants. The dainty sprays from these brought her as high as three cents apiece. All the leaves that went to market with the blooms were cut from the old bed of native plants. The first cuttings of lilies-of-the-valley were generally made about the middle of May and the harvest continued for several years, increasing in volume as the imported plants became more and more mature. "Valleys" do not bloom freely until at least three years of age.

Indirectly, the bed of "native valleys" led Miss Thatcher to one of her most signal triumphs. She became ambitious to grow "Jac" roses and, by dint of considerable inquiry, found a man who was willing to trade her a quantity of "Jacs" for an equal number of "valleys" taken from the original bed. These, however, did not meet the measure of her ambition, and she paid cash to another dealer for more plants of this favorite rose.

Upon her bed of "Jacs" Miss Thatcher lavished an amount of care, labor and tenderness that could not fail of a generous reward, and they gave her of their rich and fragrant blooms in a measure that fully satisfied her expectations. At first she tried to carry the blossoms to market in boxes, but finally her father had an inspiration which solved the problem in a most original and satisfactory way. One morning he came into the house with his arms loaded with huge burdock leaves. Taking a cluster of the roses he wrapped them in the folds of a cool, damp burdock leaf—the stem sticking out below the odd armor which protected the blooms. This ingenious wrapping interested the florists, and, when the burdock leaves were removed, the roses were invariably found to be in excellent condition—better than those handled in any other manner. The prices which she secured for the first-fruits of her investment in "Jacs" brought her fifty to seventy-five cents a dozen, and she gradually increased her stock until she had not fewer than two hundred in blooming condition.

The climax of Miss Thatcher's experience as a grower of "Jac" roses came most unexpectedly. It was back in '88, before the modern American Beauty had crowded every other display rose to the wall. It was the day before the Derby was to run at Washington Park. Her beds of "Jacs" were at their best and she had never carried into the city so heavy a cutting from them as loaded down her baskets that day.

Most unexpectedly, however, she did not meet with a ready buyer for them. Either the florists to whom they were offered did not want them at all, or else the prices at which they would take the roses were too low. This was a keen disappointment to her, and not in her whole experience had she felt more discouraged than when she walked down the steps into the flower shop kept by "Mike" Gallagher, one of Chicago's pioneer florists. She told herself that if he did not

Mr. Lamb's Bed of Asters

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want them she'd ask him to put them in his refrigerator over night.

The moment he lifted the covering of the basket and saw the green stems of the roses—their heads hid in the hoods of burdock leaves—he exclaimed:

"Just the thing! I've got the order for decorating the winner of the Derby tomorrow, and I'll make the saddle of Jac roses, that I will! But it will take a heap of them. And I'll need five dozen with long stems to do the bridle. Can you get me a lot more?"

Every available bloom was taken from the bushes the next morning, the two days' cuttings amounting to sixty-five dozen in all, for which she received $23.50. The "Duke of Norfolk," owned by "Lucky" Baldwin and ridden by "The Black Archer," was the winner. As the dusky jockey was lifted from his mount, a saddle of "Jac" roses was thrown upon the back of the big bay and nodding clusters tied upon his bridle, while thousands of spectators yelled themselves hoarse at the spectacle. Even Lucky Baldwin himself, almost wild with delight over his triumph, took little more quiet and abiding satisfaction in the event than did the woman who had grown the roses so cleverly massed into the shape of a saddle. She did not see the flourish of hats, parasols and handkerchiefs in the grandstand and paddock filled with frantic spectators; but she had nursed every bloom in that saddle, and her triumph remained long after the winner had passed from the minds of many who saw his splendid performance.

"The worst setback I had on the rose question," Miss Thatcher confesses, "was when the public-school authorities gave out the order that there should be no flowers at the graduating exercises. This ruling may have been all right from a school standpoint—but it certainly was a damper on the rose business. The 'Jacs' came in at just the right time to catch the graduating exercises and always brought good prices, for the demand was usually greater than the supply. Times have changed, and I would not now advise any home grower to go in strong for roses of any kind, because the competition from those who grow them by wholesale, under glass, is so great. But they are beautiful flowers to grow, and the sight of them, when they do well, is something to make the heart of the grower proud.

"Next to my 'Jacs' I liked my 'valleys' best, for they are not only dainty and fragrant, but they may be depended upon, as a rule, to produce freely. Then, too, they are compact and a big lot of them can be carried or shipped to market in comparatively a small basket. In late years a dollar a hundred is a good price for 'valleys' and $1.50 is the tip-top for the finest blooms at the most favorable market season. This is quite different from the two or three dollars which I used to get when I began cutting them to sell.

"Peonies are also good flowers for the amateur to grow. And so, too, are asters and dahlias. Some small growers make a decided success of sweet peas, but they are not so easily handled, it seems to me. Pansies and violets are also among the more difficult blooms. Gladiolas are easy, but a little cumbersome to handle. Tulips and hyacinths always did well for me and were generally marketable.

"As to the amount of ground occupied by my plants and shrubs, I hardly think it more than equal to four fifty-foot lots. After I had the business really well in hand and had found out some of the things not to do, I managed to clear about $400 a season—sometimes, perhaps, a little more than that. Considering the fact that this left the entire winter free, I felt that I did very well. Certainly I would have had hard work to have earned as much in any other way. There was, at times, considerable hard work about it—but not harder than I would have found in any other pursuit. There is no question in the world that any man or woman of energy and ordinary intelligence, having a little ground reasonably near to a city market, can make the home-growing of garden flowers a profitable addition to an office salary and can work the business up to a point where it will make a good independent living for a family in a country village. Some branches of it require capital and special experience. Greenhouses cost money, but one can raise a great many garden flowers for market without investing more than twenty-five or fifty dollars in stock."

The fact that the amateur grower stands a chance of developing into the professional ranks is well illustrated by the experience of O. P. Bassett, of Chicago, who did a successful business as a printer and bought a tract of rich corn land in a suburb, so that he might "have room for a few flowers." He put up a small greenhouse in which to start plants for his grounds and to raise a few cut flowers for the house. Among the plants which he ordered from the East, as a stock with which to start, were two hundred American Beauty roses. At that time the splendid roses were almost unknown in the West and were considered a novelty. A few weeks before Christmas Mr. Bassett exhibited some of his rare flowers at a horticultural show. And they attracted the attention of local florists.

One day Mr. Bassett had a caller at his little greenhouse—a hearty man whose eyes glowed with appreciation of the show which the Beauties presented—and he at length exclaimed: "I'll give you one dollar apiece for every one of those you'll cut and deliver at my store Christmas week." He was a leading florist and his offer cost him $150.

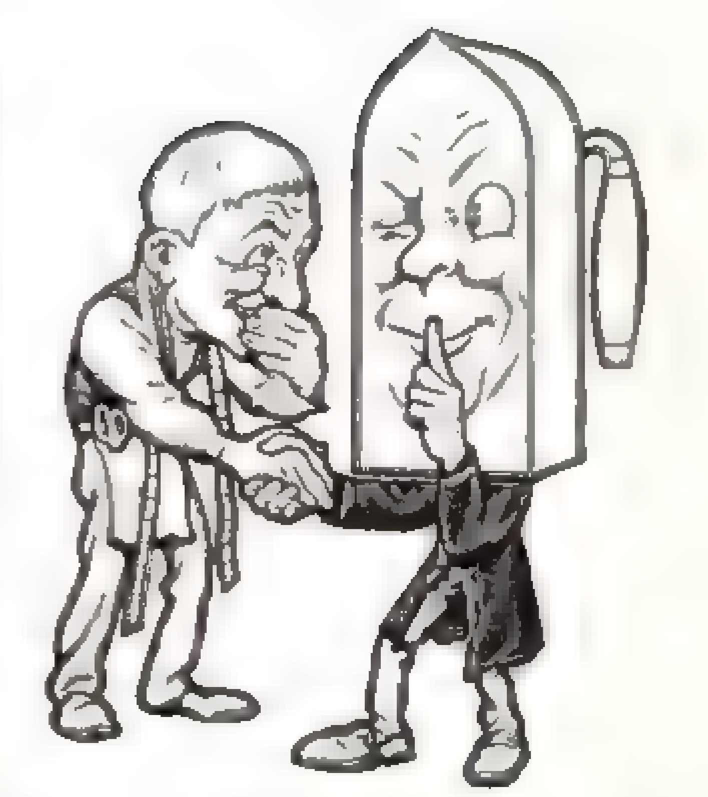
That little greenhouse has now grown to an establishment occupying about eighty-three acres, most of the space being under glass. It is principally devoted to American Beauties, of which eighty thousand are grown there each year. The cut flowers from this great greenhouse are regularly shipped to Pittsburg, to New Orleans, to Winnipeg, to Florida and other points equally remote. From $150 at the start, the business has increased to $150,000 a year. Mr. Bassett believes that the growing of flowers is an excellent avenue of escape from the strenuous life and that it is better adapted to women than any other out-of-doors avocation. In his opinion, women do better, perhaps, than men with violets in a small greenhouse. And a greenhouse should not cost more than fifteen dollars a running foot, including heating plant and everything. A house one hundred by twenty feet should be ample for a business large enough to support a family in a village. The plants are set in "ten-inch centres," or ten inches from each other in each direction.

Other flowers recommended by Mr. Bassett to amateur growers are: asters, peonies, daisies, phlox, sweet peas, hydrangeas and "valleys."

I know one man of advanced years in my town who raises asters just as a diversion. He is Mr. T. F. Lamb, of Hinsdale, Illinois, and has a little back-yard patch not more than fifty by ninety feet. His asters bring him about $300 a season, not including the income from the sale of his seeds. His asters are the handsomest that come into the Chicago market, measuring four to five inches in diameter, with strong, woody stems twenty-four to thirty inches in length, and perfect double centres. He has succeeded in bringing the asters to this high perfection by intense cultivation, and *saving his very best blooms each year for seed purposes.* As a result he has a great demand for his seeds from professional growers and from people who appreciate that it is just as easy, and much more satisfactory, to grow the best asters as to grow the ordinary varieties.

The reader who contemplates starting into the growing of flowers should, as a first step, have a personal talk with a wholesale florist known to be reliable and of good business standing. There are fashions in flowers as fickle as in clothes, and this applies to the manner in which the flowers are grown, handled, cut and packed as well as to the kind of flowers. Only the wholesale florist can give the word that fits the season, and without that word the first venture of the grower may miss the mark of success by only a narrow margin and still score a complete failure. This practical advice is far more valuable than any amount of book-lore on the subject.

The remarkable productiveness with which the Trumpet Major Narcissus responds to the right treatment is illustrated by the success of Mrs. H. E. Spaulding, of Villa Ridge, Illinois, who sometimes ships as high as ten thousand a day. They bloom about the middle of March and are easy of culture. A single bunch has been known to keep fresh for two weeks after being picked. Van Houttei Spiræa is another of Mrs. Spaulding's pets. Its slender and graceful sprays make it a very graceful bloom. Although she does not any longer raise summer roses in competition with large greenhouses, Mrs. Spaulding has one of the largest and most beautiful bushes of the Baltimore Belle Rose in all the North. She believes that one of the greatest pleasures in growing flowers is that of giving blooms to friends.



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THE WOMAN IN THE WAY

(Concluded from Page 7)

"You don't mean that!" he exclaimed in amazement, for he had felt sure she was on the point of yielding.

"Yes," she answered. "I have thought it all out, and I can't see how the people who have lost money can blame me. I never got them to buy any stock. I never gave any one reason to think I'd give a right-of-way through my property. It's all their own fault. I don't see why I should suffer just to make things nice for this Mr. Hopkins you talk about, or anybody else. I didn't get them to plan the road."

She did not speak aggressively—she seemed to be sincerely sorry for any losses they might sustain—but she was quite determined. He argued, but, in her quiet, gentle way, she repeated her decision as often as he brought her to the point of a direct answer. They might gain what they sought by court proceedings, but she would oppose it to the last.

There was nothing very comforting in his thoughts that night, and there was nothing very comforting in the newspapers the next morning. In some strange way, the newspapers had learned of Miss Crever's decision, and they made much of it. The road, they intimated, had been beaten in an attempt to get the best of a woman, and now it would have to choose between a lawsuit and a zigzag route. Then, after the papers, came this message from Hopkins: "Why didn't you marry her?"

This was adding insult to injury. Wasn't it bad enough to have a woman play tag with one's heart and pride without getting sarcastic messages from headquarters? Marry her! Hadn't he been getting dangerously near that point without experiencing any personal regret? Hadn't he got so tangled up that he could hardly tell whether this was an affair of sentiment or business? Did Hopkins think that kind of a woman could be captured and married like a frivolous schoolgirl? And yet ——

The thought that occurred to him made him sit up and gasp. Was it possible that he had misunderstood and misjudged her? Could it be that something of emotional romance lay back of that calm exterior?

"By thunder! I will marry her!" he declared.

She was as cordial as ever when he went to see her again, and seemed to be particularly troubled because her decision had made trouble for him. He waved that aside magnanimously, making it quite clear that his interest was in her.

"Never mind the road," he said. "I've conscientiously done what I could for that, and failed. Let's talk of pleasanter things."

"But won't it make trouble for you with Mr. Hopkins?" she asked, seeming really unhappy about it.

"Do you think I care for that?" he returned. "Don't you know that your happiness has become more to me than anything else? Couldn't you see that pressing this matter, in the face of your objection, has been a disagreeable duty?"

"You have been very nice about it," she said. "I am grateful to you."

"Only grateful?" he insinuated softly.

Her gentle, searching eyes met his for a moment.

"Are you going back at once?" she inquired, ignoring his question.

"Do you wish me to?"

"No," she replied frankly. "I am thinking of some things you have said, and you know I am rather slow of thought. You have made me think a great deal."

"Pleasant thoughts?"

"Ye-es."

It was like her to be thus frank. She understood his "Only grateful?" and did not pretend ignorance. She was not a flirt; she was serious, and she accepted his interest in her and her happiness seriously. But she cleverly parried an attempt to secure a more perfect understanding.

The following day she met him with a joyous smile.

"All my doubts have vanished," she said. "I am ready to surrender."

This was rather overwhelming. He had expected encouragement, but not a capitulation as yet only indirectly solicited.

"Then you will ——"

"Yes," she interrupted; "I'll sell."

"You'll what?" he cried.

"I'll sell. I've thought over all that you said, just as I told you, and I've decided to sell the farm."

"Wait a minute, please," he pleaded. "Let me get this thing straight. Is this what you were thinking about?"

"Why, yes."

"You said they were pleasant thoughts."

"They were."

"Please tell me just what you mean," he said doubtfully.

"I mean," she explained, "that I will sell the farm at the price offered. I can't bring myself to the idea of selling the buildings and right-of-way alone, but I'll sell the whole farm. It seems almost a public duty to let the road go through, and I can see that I have no right to set up my own little interests against the greater interests of so many people."

In spite of his bewilderment, Morford had sense enough to arrange to clinch the bargain as soon as the necessary papers could be drawn up.

"I can't make it out," he kept saying to himself. "Did I convince her, or what was it? Where does all the love-making come in? She doesn't seem to expect me to marry her. I'm let out of that, but do I want to be?"

This was while the papers were being prepared. When they were ready, he took them to her with all haste, for he felt that he could not be really certain of anything until they were signed. There was no hesitation on her part, however, but she looked up at him in her anxious, doubtful way when the signatures were finally attached.

"Has the stock gone up?" she asked.

"Well, rather," he replied. "There was a nasty slump when you announced you wouldn't sell, but people have been fighting for it ever since you agreed to accept our offer."

"I'm so glad," she said. "How much do you think I'll make?"

"Make!" he repeated. "On what?"

"On my stock. I bought when it slumped, you know—added what I could borrow to what I'd saved and risked it all. It was so good of you to tell me what it would do when I got out of the way. That was what made my thoughts so pleasant—at least, it was one of the things."

It took him several minutes to recover from this staggering announcement, but his mind soon grasped two important points: here was the cleverest woman he had ever met, and she now had a lot of money. Incidentally, she was already occupying as much space in his heart as a strenuous business life would permit any woman to have.

His bewilderment gave place to open, intense admiration. In all of their previous encounters his eyes had been merely rehearsing for the work of that moment. He leaned across the little table at which they were sitting and tried to get possession of one of her hands. If ever a man said, without speaking, "You are the one girl in the world for me," he said it then, and the spoken word was lingering but an instant behind the look.

"Jane!" he whispered tensely.

Her lashes drooped, a brighter color came to her cheeks, but the hand eluded him.

"Please don't," she said. "Jack wouldn't like it."

"Who's Jack?" he demanded.

"Oh, he's the man I'm going to marry!" she explained. "I telegraphed him last night that I had sold the farm and he could come and get me. He's been rather impatient of late."

Morford used a strong word when he got outside. He used several others as he drove back to his hotel in town; he used so many that he had to repeat himself frequently because of the insufficiency of his extensive vocabulary. He talked to himself a good deal on the train to the city, and he was in far from good humor when he reported to Hopkins.

"Well, you did it," said Hopkins cheerfully. "It looked serious for a time, but I felt sure that you were more than a match for any woman." Morford winced. "What's the matter? You don't look much like a victor."

"I'm tired," explained Morford. "I want a vacation—somewhere in the wilderness, about two hundred miles from anything that even remotely resembles a petticoat."

The company thought he was entitled to it, and the company never knew the whole story, either.

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PLAYER FOLK

Guy Standing

Science and Religion on the Stage

HOW strange are the chances of theatrical life has never been more strikingly shown than in the occasion which lately brought Guy Standing the one big success of his career. Long known as an able actor, there has still been something in his personality which has prevented him from achieving any very general popularity—a rigid bearing and a certain acidity and masculine restraint of temperament. He has been chiefly known as a member of the old Empire Stock Company and as leading man in the support of John Drew and Fay Davis, and has generally been identified with unpleasant characters. When he was cast in Lavedan's The Duel there seemed little hope of anything better.

The play centres in the struggle of two brothers for the soul of a woman—one of them an atheistic doctor, who loves her and is bent on making her forget her duty to a drunken and degenerate husband, and the other a priest, who is equally resolved on saving her from sin. The play is, in short, a symbol of the struggle between science and religion in human life. Now here, as at the Théâtre Français, where the play was first produced, the leading characters were supposed to be the woman and the priest. Fay Davis took the part created by the great Bartet, and Otis Skinner that created by the no less distinguished Le Bargy. In the doctor, Guy Standing was supposed to have only another of his dry, hard, disagreeable characters.

In point of fact he had; but as it happens, the atheistic doctor is the only one of the three leading characters who is firm in his resolution, the woman and even the priest being a prey at times to doubt; and there is nothing that weakens the sympathies of an audience like indecision. Mr. Standing's personality and temperament, moreover, seem designed by nature for this particular character; and, what is more important, his performance revealed masterly skill. In the long and vehement speeches of which the play is mostly composed, both Miss Davis and Mr. Skinner, able and sympathetic actors though they are, betrayed decided mannerisms of elocution—the tricks of the old school. Mr. Standing was as simple and vernacular in his speech as he was commanding in his personality.

Almost without exception the first-night critics proclaimed his performance as a masterpiece. Subsequent audiences have been of the same mind. At the end of the great scene between the two men there are generally a dozen or more curtain calls. Mr. Skinner, who is billed as the star, takes most of these; but it not infrequently happens that in the end there are cries for Mr. Standing which continue until he comes out and makes his bow.

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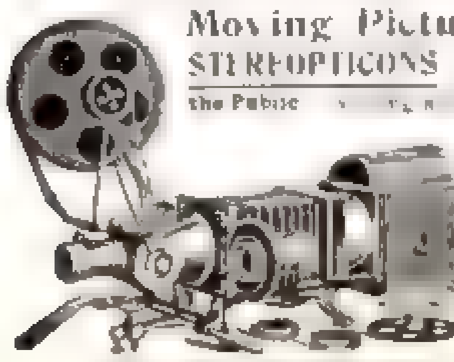

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UP FROM THE GHETTO

(Concluded from Page 9)

I was sorry for my old father. Each month I had dropped off only a few more old customs, to make it more gradual for him, but I saw he noticed every time I did it, and his face grew harsh and sad. When our first baby was born I made the old man glad for a whole week by going through the full ceremonies, though it cost a good deal.

But the end was bound to come. It came one October in Atonement week. This is *the* religious time, when your sins are supposed to be entered in the Judgment book in Heaven and sealed, unless you pray and fast them away before the week ends. Two years after my marriage, Atonement week found me in a business crisis. I was putting through a big deal for my boss which meant eight thousand dollars' profit or loss to him and a big raise of salary to me if I won. I worked day and night. I forgot all about Atonement Day. And the deal went through!

I will never forget two pictures I saw that night. The first was when I came home strained and haggard, Rachel's dark olive face flushed with joy at my big success, her black eyes flashing the life and happiness ahead for us both, her soft young arms around me, her warm lips pressing mine. The second picture was my old father in his kitchen. He was not glad when I burst in with my news. He stared silently straight before him while his quivering lips tightened. Then at last he pointed his bony finger at me and called me an atheist. I held myself in tight and thought hard and quick. Yes, for his sake it was better to have it over once for all. So I admitted that it was so. He pointed to the door. From the landing outside I heard him break into sobs. Poor old dreamer!

The next day I plunged all the harder into work. Things had been booming for Rachel and me. On that first tenement we had taken fifteen hundred dollars in rents the first year—eight hundred dollars' profit! This is hard to believe till you figure on the crowding, and also on the fact that Rachel got to know every family, every woman, all their likes and jealousies, all their ups and downs; and from the banker we knew exactly how much each had saved. So we could drive separate bargains with each, and that made all the difference in the world. It always does. Besides, we could always tell our tenants that we could not help ourselves.

"The big owner is over us just as we are over you," was Rachel's pet expression. How weak and sad she could look as she said that!

In three years we were running four houses—netting us two thousand a year, besides my salary of fifteen hundred dollars.

Four years later I bought an interest in my boss' business and became a junior partner. That was three years ago. Since then our business has nearly doubled. I have cut down my renting and do solely a speculating business.

We stick to both sides of the Bowery. Why? Because the demand is sure. The lower East Side is already the biggest Ghetto in the world, and the lower West Side is the biggest Italian quarter. Each year they pour in faster. I didn't pay a cent for the Kishinef massacre or the Russian Revolution, but even that fight way off in Russia sends me Russian Jews by thousands, all wanting rooms, all forcing up the demand, and hence the rents.

Not only have they got to come, but most of them have got to stay right here. It is true that the Italian men go out in summer all over the country, but half have families, and the families stay here. Their women and kids, together with all the Jewish men, support themselves mostly by the clothing industry. And this industry can't move. I myself went to over a hundred contractors in sweat-shops and factories, and they all say the same. The factories won't move away from the big centre. And the people have got to stay near the factories.

You may point to the subway and the new bridge to Brooklyn, and talk about cheap transit, a three-cent carfare in the future, municipal lines and all that. I've gone all over those schemes with the reform crowd. I'm on two of their committees; I know the inside, and there's nothing there to be afraid of. First, because they can't make such big changes for ten years at least, and in business we don't worry ten years ahead. Second, fresh tens of thousands will pour in from Europe faster even than Socialists could bail 'em out. Third—and this is the strong point—there is a circle of real-estate men all around Manhattan just waiting for the crowd to push out. Out in Harlem, in the Bronx and the Brownsville section of Brooklyn, over six thousand families have moved in ten years. And what's the result? The rents there have jumped in one year over twenty per cent. The people simply can't get away from us. The demand is rising.

And the supply? The East Side is by no means packed full yet. Five years ago the city records showed that eight per cent. of the tenement rooms were vacant; now there are less than one per cent. But still we're not through. Our real-estate maps are dotted all over with lots marked "vacant." Any lot with a tenement under four stories is "vacant" to us, because it pays to buy the place, tear down the house and build a modern tenement six stories high.

And as the quantity of rooms is increased, so, too, the quality is being improved. This is the big tip I got years ago from my friends the reformers. Small parks and playgrounds, recreation piers, new schools, settlements, brilliant shops and cafés and theatres; subways, elevateds, trolleys—all these in ten years! And who pays? "The city!" shouts the honest working-man. But who pays the city? "I do, in taxes," groans the tenement owner. And the owner promptly raises his rents. So the working-man really pays. Then he joins a union to get higher wages. The builder pays more for labor, so the builder raises his price. This makes the tenement owner again raise his rent. And so it goes in a circle. And I am the only one who profits at each raise. I simply grab the best place at the best time; then sell, and hunt for the next place.

The future is sure. Last night I stood about six o'clock at the corner of Houston Street and the Bowery. The factories and shops had just closed, and half a million people were coming home. Below—one block to my left—went the subway. Above in the air long elevated trains roared and flashed by, brilliantly lighted and jammed, two lines of them, one each side of the street. Below four trolley lines were rushing—more brilliant lights and human jams. And everywhere in all directions swept dark masses of men, boys and girls.

People! People from all over Europe endlessly pouring in, crowding and packing Manhattan tighter and tighter! People who can't get away, for they want to live, and so must work, and the work is here in the sweat-shops. People used to low living in Europe. People that you can study all out and know their wants, their strengths and their weaknesses! People—the demand! How fit the supply to the demand at the highest possible profit? In the answer to this question is untold wealth. And I am finding the answer!

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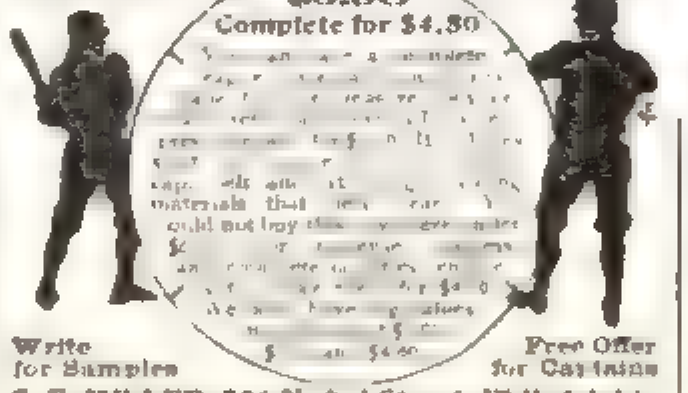

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WOMEN AS WITNESSES

(Concluded from Page 5)

The old lady was assisted from the stand, but as she made her way with difficulty toward the door of the courtroom she could be heard repeating stubbornly:

"I told him to put it *into real estate, and he said he would!*"

Almost needless to say, Hackett was convicted and sentenced to seven years in State's prison.

Croake James tells a story of how, only by a flash of genius, Sir James Scarlett saved a cause. The famous barrister in a breach of promise case (Foote *vs.* Green) was for the defendant, who was supposed to have been cajoled into the engagement by the plaintiff's mother, afterward the Countess of Harrington. The mother, as a witness, completely baffled Scarlett, who, on behalf of the defendant, cross-examined her; but by one of his happiest strokes of advocacy he turned his failure into success. "You saw, gentlemen of the jury, *that I was but a child in her hands. What must my client have been!*"

One would say that women, although this is, of course, a trivial criticism, are less able ordinarily to distinguish between direct and indirect discourse than men. I have repeatedly seen gentlewomen go upon the witness-stand and fail utterly to perceive that what is desired by the court is the *exact language* of the defendant–not a statement that he said that so and so had occurred, but that he said "so and so has occurred." A story is told by Judge Nott, of Washington, which illustrates the confusion that sometimes results from this inability to differentiate between the two sorts of discourse. An old colored mammy was called to testify in a case where the defendant, also a darky, had thrown over a ladder which was leaning against his open window and caused it to fall to the sidewalk where it struck and injured an "enemy," named Jones, on the back.

"What did Mr. Jones say when the ladder hit him?" inquired the prosecutor.

"Mistah Jones, he said, *'Oh, his back!'*"

"Now, think a minute, Auntie," cautioned the lawyer. "Use his exact words."

"He said, *'Oh, his back!'*" repeated the witness in an aggrieved tone.

"Now, now!" cried the prosecutor. "Didn't he say, 'Oh, *my* back'?"

The old black mammy drew herself up indignantly and with withering scorn replied:

"*Mistah Jones didn't say nuffin' 'bout yo' back at all! He said, 'Oh, his back!'*"

In brief, the quickness and positiveness of women make them better witnesses than men; they are vastly more difficult to cross-examine; their sex protects them from many of the most effective weapons of the lawyer, with the result that they are the more ready to yield to prevarication; and, even where the possibility of complete and unrestricted cross-examination is afforded, their tendency to inaccurately inferential reasoning, and their elusiveness in dodging from one conclusion to another, render the opportunity of little value.

In general, however, women's testimony differs little in quality from that of men, all testimony being subject to the same three great limitations irrespective of the sex of the witness, and the conclusions set forth above are merely the result of an effort on the part of the writer to comment somewhat upon those small differences which, under close scrutiny, may fairly be said to exist. These differences are quite as noticeable at the breakfast-table as in the courtroom; and are no more patent to the advocate than to the ordinary male animal whose forehead habitually reddens when he hears the unanswerable reason which, in default of all others, explains and glorifies the mental action of his wife, sister or mother: "Just because!"

The purely psychological limitations of woman's testimony are relatively of trifling importance; it is the physical influence of sex upon masculine juries which should give us pause. How far are twelve men physically able to act as unbiased judges of fact where a weeping and attractive young woman is the complainant? How far can they be trusted to render a fair and impartial verdict when she sits downcast at the bar of justice? Should we, in certain cases, have juries of matrons? The discussion of this important aspect of the situation must be left for a later article.

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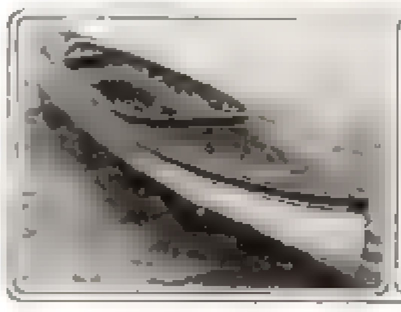

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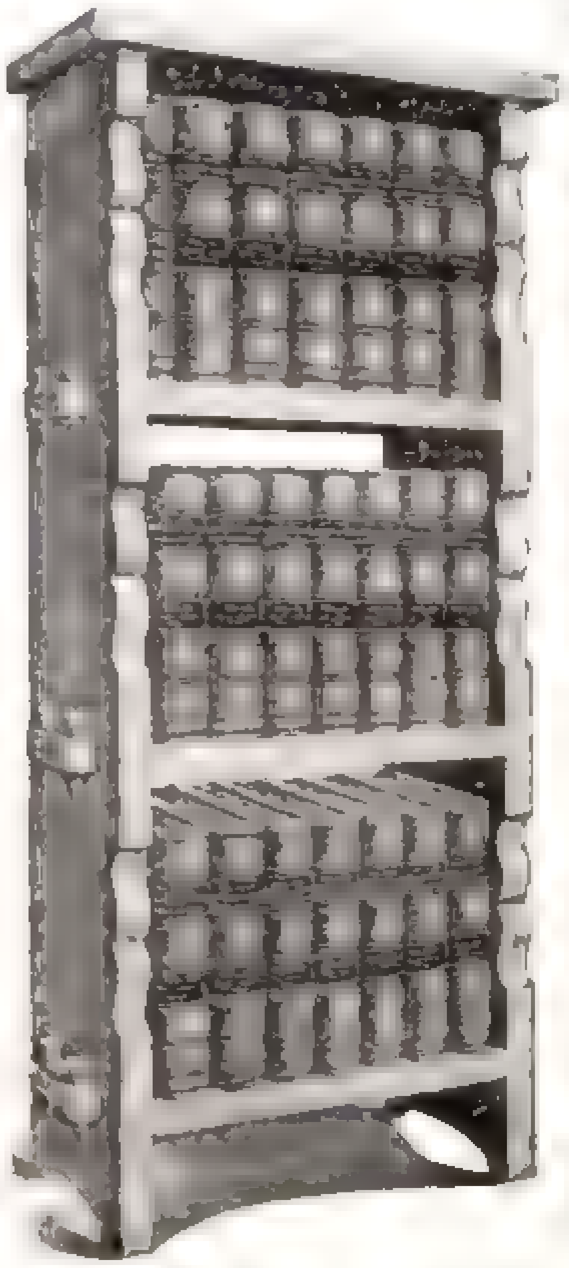

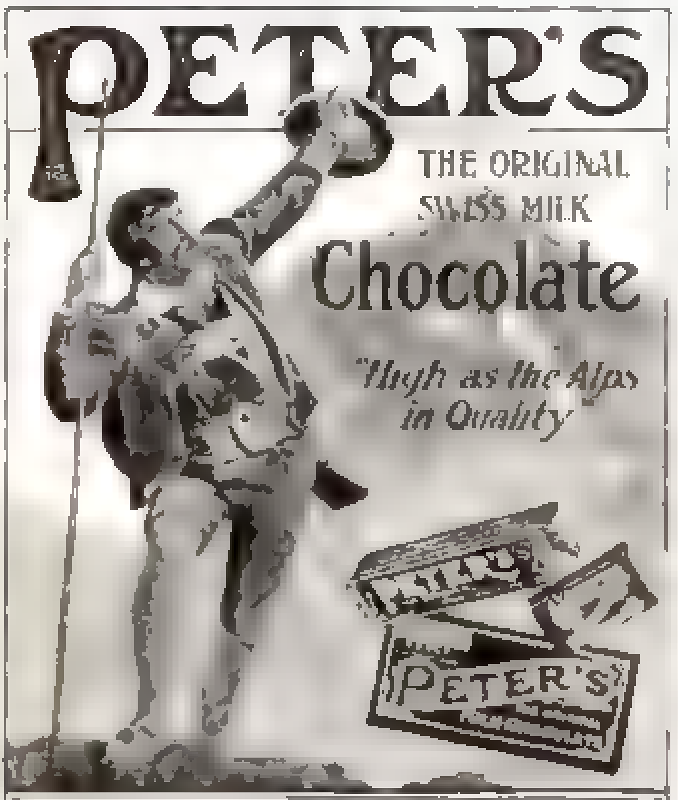

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Billy Fortune and the Drinkwater Lad

(Continued from Page 5)

ailing you is Auntie. You've just got a case of scare, with your nerve gone, so you just stand back and let her butt in and keep you from having a quiet minute by yourself with the girl. Now, all that's the matter with her is that the girl's young and a good-looker; and she's a natural-born meddler, anyway, and a natural-born sorehead. Now you know that's all of it."

He knew it was, too, because he didn't try to say anything back to me. "Look here," says I; "do you want that girl for your'n?"

He looked at me, with his eyes like a dog's that needs a friend. "*Do* I?" says he. And so I figured it out for him. Not all at once, right away, I don't mean, but a little bit at a time, till by-and-by, next morning, I went to him again.

"Say," I says to him, "why don't you have 'em come over here again to-day for supper? It's a peach of a day, and I'll fix something, and you take it out and eat it in that lovely place up by Crooked Rocks Springs. Maybe that would help some. I've been thinking about it."

His eyes were on me close. "Companion," says he, "no daredeviltry."

"Oh, no!" says I. "You rest easy about that. There won't be no scandal to get in the papers. But you heard what I said. If you keep still and watch out, maybe it'll help some. Ain't that worth keeping still about?"

Well, they come. The Drinkwater lad fetched 'em over in the afternoon in his mountain wagon, and they hung around the house a while, with me getting the lunch ready in the baskets and keeping my eye peeled for how things was hooked up. It was pretty much the way I'd multiplied it out—Percy Clyde dead anxious for a little private séance with the girl, and the girl dead willing, and Auntie dead set against it. It was funny as a barrel of monkeys to watch 'em. The young ones tried it as much as six times, but they couldn't lose her more than a rod behind 'em. If they so much as got around behind the back of her chair, she'd revolve her neck till the fat would be twisted tight enough to choke her breath. It was pitiful; but it was all right.

After a while I called the Drinkwater lad out to the kitchen, to consult him about the arrangements, and I says to him:

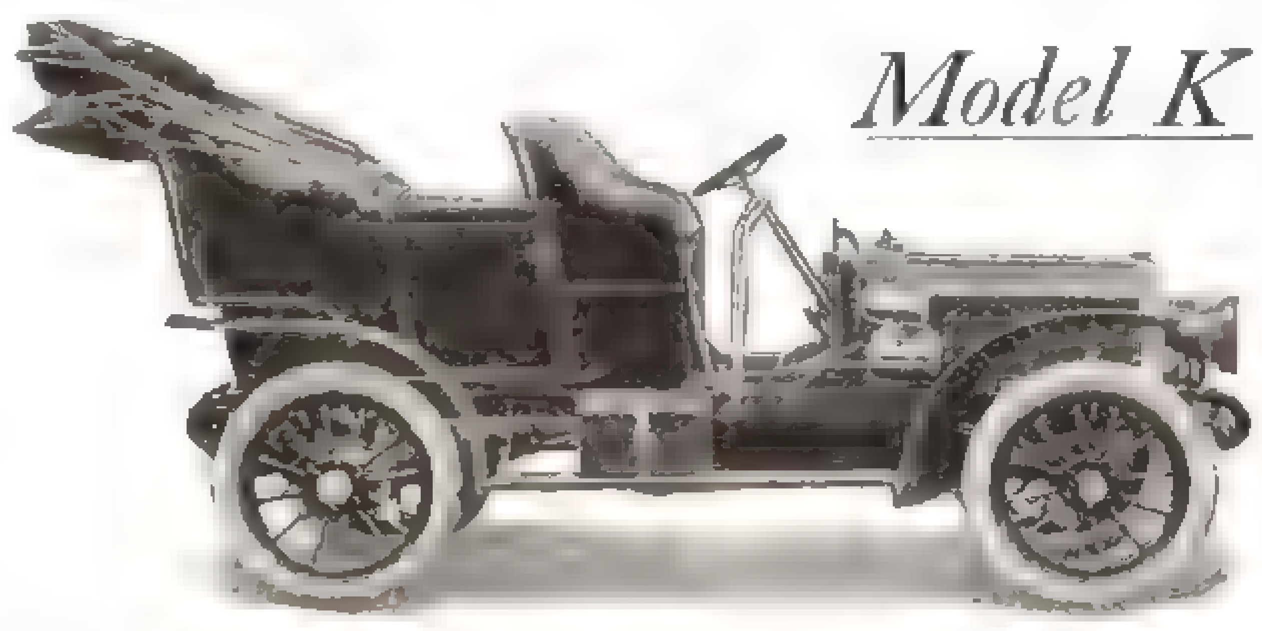
"Now, here," says I, "you see how much you can listen without asking too many questions; because inquisitive people are apt to get too horrible wise. See? The way not to know anything is to keep ignorant. You get me? But I've got a couple of harmless, innocent suggestions. First place, this Crooked Springs trail is right bad in spots, and dangerous for a wagon, especially with women, ain't it?"

He give a cautious kind of a nod.

"Yes," says I, "and the Springs ain't far from here—nothing but a nice little walk from the house for Auntie. All right. We walk, then, with Billy Fortune going along to pack the baskets and to watch after Auntie, in case her wind should give out from trying to walk too fast to keep up. That's all right, too. Maybe the Springs is farther off than we think they are, but we don't think so. These here distances fool you so, in this country. Yes. And in case dear old Auntie should get plumb wore out, so you should have to spend a little time alone up there, waiting for her to catch up, maybe it won't be necessary for you to worry about her being safe, because ain't she with Billy? And you trust Billy Fortune, don't you? He's a good, reliable man, ain't he?"

His eyes were dancing with gratefulness; but his voice was steady and sober. "Billy," says he, "you have my entire confidence. Under such circumstances I should feel perfectly easy in my mind concerning the lady's security."

All right. So we started out, with them young ones strolling ahead, and me escorting the old dame, toting the baskets, till we got to the opening amongst that Crooked Rocks place a deep, ragged tangle of young sandstone ruins set up on end, with a million or so little alleys and runs wore out, every direction, by the wind and frost. Then I begun to coax Auntie to look sideways, every minute or two, me showing her interesting things and telling her history. It was good history, too; I know it was, because I made it myself. And the



Model K

WINTON Shooting-Oiler

"WORN out" [illegible] per cent [illegible]

[illegible] Motorists [illegible] understand [illegible]

[illegible] Lubrication [illegible] *Lastly* [illegible]

[illegible] just [illegible] summer and [illegible]

[illegible] that when they are *not* wearing [illegible] they *are* wearing [illegible]

But *this* [illegible] situation [illegible] a nut-shell.

A *perfect* [illegible] bearing [illegible] *doesn't wear at all!*

[illegible] *that* [illegible] through your head, Mr. Motorist.

—A perfectly lubricated Bearing [illegible] *doesn't wear at all* in either fast or slow running.

An [illegible] bearing [illegible] at high speed with [illegible] lubrication *will wear out* more in [illegible] than it would have worn in *100 times* [illegible] proper lubrication!

That's a difference of 5000 per cent, you'll notice.

[illegible] figure of speech either, but [illegible] fact.

• • •

So—*proper* Lubrication means more—far more—than smooth running, speed, motor-efficiency [illegible]

It means *life* to the Car,—probably three times as much life—*Wear*,—durability.

Some Cars require far *more* lubrication than others, per mile of travel.

Because some cheap Cars have coarse finished bearings, that develop great heat and [illegible]

[illegible] small for the Power they *must* [illegible] in order to produce the Road speed [illegible] tickets.

The Motors on *these* Cars must be run at as many *revolutions per minute* [illegible] make [illegible] as [illegible] of a Winton Model K [illegible] to produce [illegible]

Consider the [illegible] on the Motor, which [illegible] represents.

[illegible] a Motor [illegible] must be [illegible] as fast as ordinary [illegible] three [illegible] the Heat thus developed through friction.

Think *that* over for a Minute.

The Winton Model K has the *smoothest* and *hardest* [illegible] Motor [illegible] test [illegible]

And [illegible] Motor [illegible] Winton Model K [illegible] carefully [illegible]

But [illegible] we have this season [illegible]ized the most *perfect* system of Automatic Lubrication ever devised [illegible]

That system is as [illegible] in its action as the law of [illegible] heated Bearings.

It does *not* trust to any Gravity feed device either—or [illegible] compressed air, or other so-called automatic system—which has been found wanting under certain conditions of weather, [illegible]

The Winton Model K Lubricator [illegible] *shoots* the Oil [illegible] each bearing [illegible] the *exact* quantity needed [illegible]

This Shooting [illegible] by a powerful Syringe operated by the Motor itself—

The Syringe action [illegible] each charge to each bearing at the exact time the bearing *needs* it, and at whatever speed the Car is running.

It does *not* supply a *wasteful surplus* for a certain period and then a *dangerous shortage* for another period—as [illegible] older so-called Automatic Lubricators [illegible]

• • •

But, it *shoots* the Oil to each bearing so *frequently* and surely that a [illegible] maintained *continuously* between the two [illegible] Surfaces.

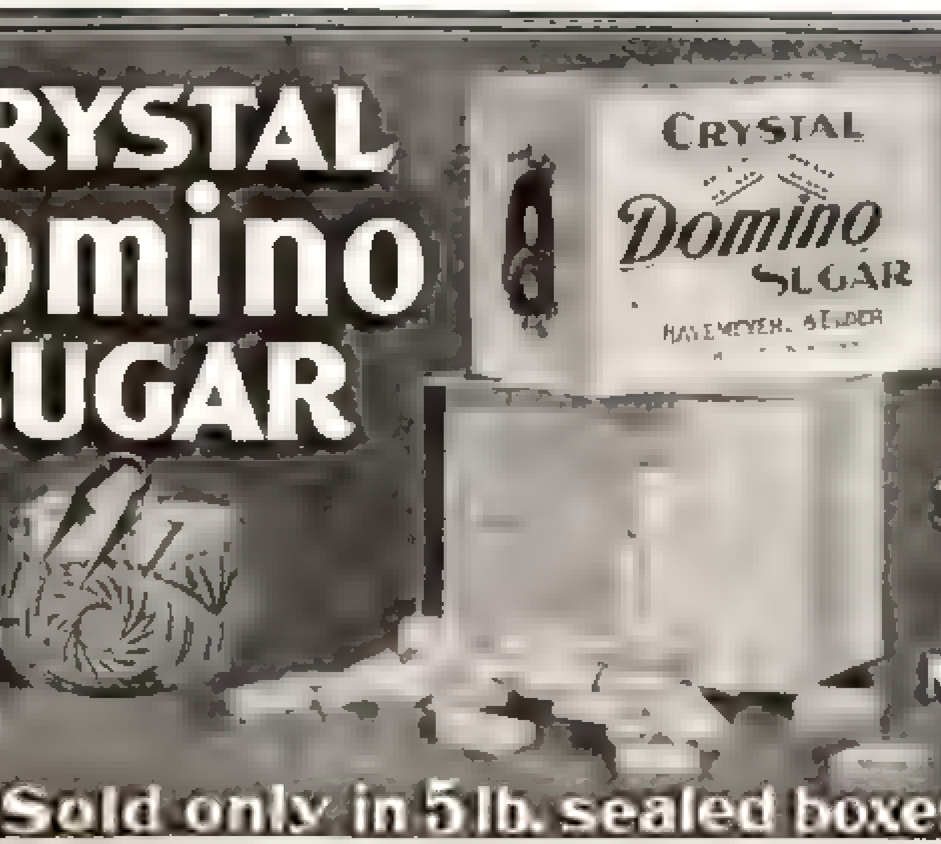
It also *shoots* the [illegible] so *forcefully* that no thickening [illegible] weather [illegible] *time* [illegible]

The *reliability* and *uniformity* of this Winton Model K Lubricating system means at least [illegible] more *life* to the Car, more [illegible] saving of Wear than the *same* Car could have with the *next* best Lubricating System.

Our book "The Motor Car Dissected" [illegible] free [illegible]

The Winton Model K has [illegible] Horse Power [illegible] Winton [illegible]

The Winton Motor Carriage Co., Dept. M, Cleveland, O[illegible]



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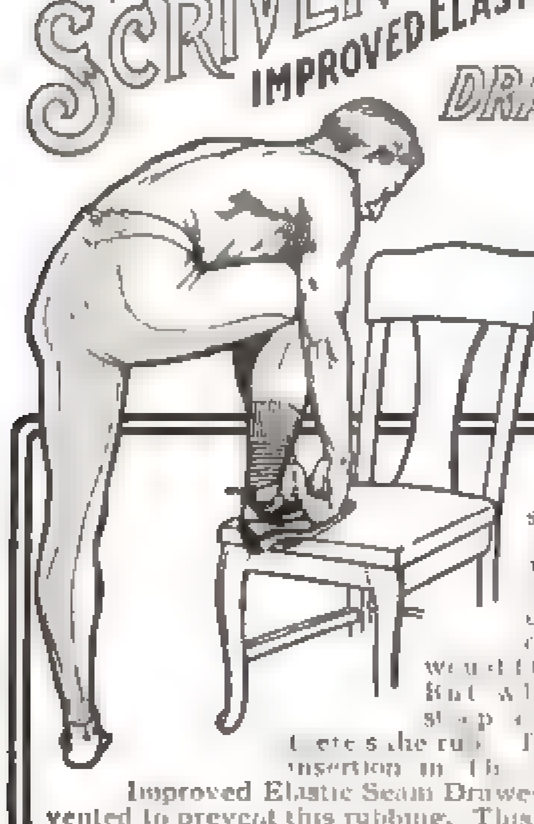

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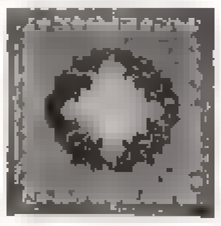

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Drinkwater lad was attending to his part, gaining a yard or so on us here, and another one there, till by the time we struck the upgrade, half-way to the Springs, they had a right smart lead.

Then Auntie smelled trouble, and she quit being interested in my tales, setting out with her fat toddle up the slope, fetching a worried look and beginning to draw her breath short and hard. But it was a pretty stiff grade; and in a minute a turn in the trail took 'em out of sight from us, amongst the rocks. When we got to that turn they were plumb disappeared.

"Oh, dear, dear!" gasps Auntie. "Where are they? *Hurry!*" And she commenced to plunge on.

"Wait a minute," says I. "I'm a stranger here; but you're started the wrong way, I think. Just wait, and let me get my bearings." If Percy Clyde was any good at all, I figured he'd gain a couple hundred yards while I was trying to puzzle it out. "It's such a confusing place," says I to Auntie.

"Call to them, young man," says she. "They must wait for us."

I give a diseased kind of a cough, to clear my throat. "I've got something the matter with my windpipe, so I can't holler right good," I explained to her; but I scooped my hands around my mouth and set my face close up toward a big rock, to shut in the sound as much as I could, and I let out a poor, sick little yell. It helped, that yell did; because from over to the left of us come a faint, sick kind of an echo. Auntie was misled.

"There they are!" she says, eager and anxious. "Come on—*hurry!*" And we tracked over that way, with her on the tight jump over the broken, rough places. An eighth of a mile, and we hadn't found 'em.

"Oh, dear, dear!" Auntie groans. "My niece has my medicine bottles in her pocket, too, and I should have taken my stomach-medicine fifteen minutes ago, and now it's time for my heart-medicine. We *must* find them. Be *quick!*"

So I got a quick wiggle on me, ducking amongst the rocks, this way and that. But it didn't seem to do no good, because pretty soon I set my baskets down and straightened up, looking as right worried as I knew how, turning all around, like a man that's hunting for landmarks.

"Let's see," says I to myself, out loud; "*that* way's west, because there's the sun. Now, then, we've been coming a little north of west, most of the time."

Poor old Auntie gave a scared sob. "Oh, *don't* tell me we're lost!" she begs me.

"Oh, we can't be!" says I. "But it's funny. Here's our tracks in the sand. We've been this way once before. Let's pull out on *this* side a little."

We tried both sides for as much as two good hours, till you could see our footmarks anyway you looked, going and coming. It was awful strange, because I knew mighty well that the whole patch of the Crooked Rocks didn't cover more than forty acres. It wasn't so bad to get lost in amongst 'em; but to *stay* lost; I couldn't have explained that, I expect, if Auntie had asked me.

Only she didn't ask. She was too rank scared. By-and-by she quit fretting about the Drinkwater lad and the girl, because she was wasting all her time thinking about herself, and the horrible danger she was in, and starving to death, and dying from exposure, and being killed by wild beasts. Once we come on to a little striped snake curled up in the sun; and once I showed her a coyote standing on top of one of the high ledges, looking at us. Them things all helped.

By the time the two hours was over the sun had got a right goodways west, and the low places in between the rocks was beginning to fill up with those blue shadows. Then the old lass quit.

"I'm completely exhausted!" says she, setting down on a stone, all humped up in a fat, miserable bunch, with the fat tears starting to crawl down over her fat cheeks. "Oh, young man, this is terrible—terrible! Oh, dear, oh, dear! Can't you do *something?*"

I kindled up a little fire of sticks, and I put my coat around her shoulders, and I fetched a couple armfuls of dead brush and laid 'em down, handy.

"There," says I. "Nothing will come close to you, likely, so long as you keep a blaze going. I'm going to climb up on to some of the high places and take a look around. Be brave, ma'am. I won't be gone long. Maybe you'd better eat something while I'm out, to give you strength."

And with that I hiked a straight streak for the Springs.

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I don't hardly think we'd been missed much. I kind of guessed that as soon as I come in sight of the two young ones. I made all the noise I could, stumbling over the stones; but I had to yell to 'em, finally, to get him to take his arm away and lift his sunburnt cheek off her lovely, soft hair. By the time I got up close they were come back to life and ready to listen. I fetched a look of trouble on to my face.

"Say, Auntie's lost," says I.

"*What!*" says both of 'em, and the girl went white. But not the Drinkwater lad.

"Billy!" says he, in his deep voice. "*Billy!*" Just that; but it told me a heap.

"You know this place a lot better than I do," says I. "Mebbe you'd better go look for her, and let me go back with the young lady." And that's the way we fixed it, after Percy Clyde had argued with the girl a minute, and got her convinced that she mustn't worry. Then I took him a little way down the trail, where I could whisper to him, private.

"I kind of think you can get her located at the bottom of that deep draw, twenty rods or so out behind the horse-barn," says I. "She don't know it herself, but she's perfectly comfortable and snug, so you needn't break your neck getting to her. And, say, I've sort of got it figured out that she's worked herself up to a state of mind where she'll be horrible grateful to the man that comes and rescues her from death. See?"

Well, that's about all, except the wind-up. I kind of kept out of sight from the old girl for the rest of the evening, after we'd got back to the house—loafing in my kitchen and doing what they call meditating; and I kept that up till after the Drinkwater lad had taken the women folks home to the Arkwright place. When he got back I heard him coming across the gravel from the horse-barn, singing; and when he pushed my door open his face was shining. He walked over and put out his hand to me.

"Billy!" says he. "Billy!" Just that and no more.

I grinned at him over my cigarette. "Oh, that's it, is it?" says I. "Does Auntie know?"

He nodded his head at me with a happy smile on him. "I told her before we got up out of that draw," says he. "It's all right, Billy."

He dropped down on the lid of my flour-box and laughed till he cried, wiping the tears away on the back of his hand, and choking with the fun of it. By-and-by he sobered up some and begun to walk up and down the floor, stepping light and holding his shoulders straight and square. Then he stopped beside me and laid his hand on my arm.

"Companion," says he, with his voice deep and joyful, "do you remember when we first met? I said that one of these days you might be offering me a drink of nectar in Paradise. Remember? Well, boy, I'm tasting that nectar now."

And I could tell by the look of him that he liked the taste a heap better than bottled goods, too.

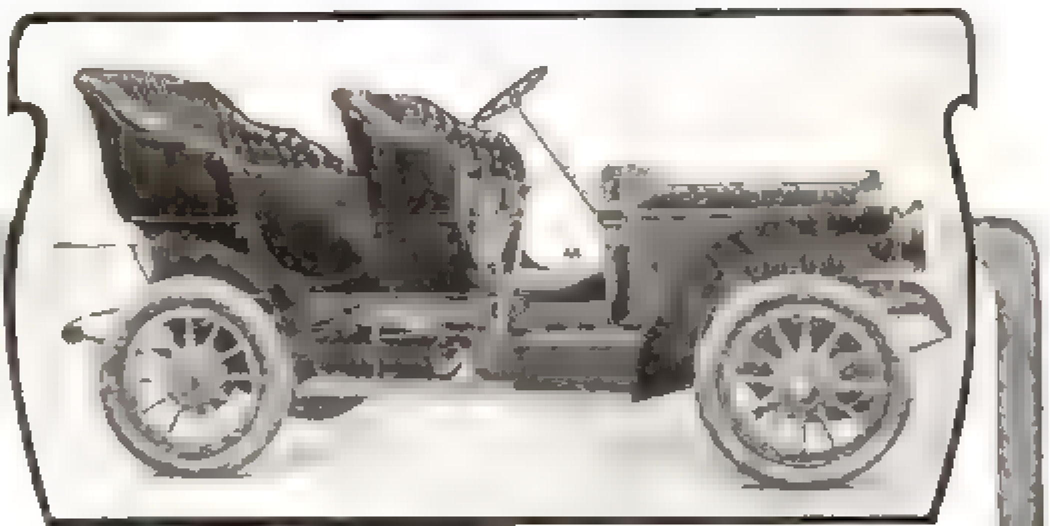
Unconscious Cussing

PROFANITY is only exaggeration in one form; and as the West produced abundant exaggeration, it was no less noted for its instinctive and fluent profanity. It seemed in the air, born of the wide horizon, and lurid as it was at times, it was in its purest form unpremeditated and, indeed, unconscious. Two old-timers who met at Seattle not long ago were talking about the good old days together, it developing that both had been among the earliest Gentiles to move into the Mormon stronghold at Salt Lake City, where they became joint laborers in the cause of civilization as they themselves saw it.

"Do you remember that —— —— Sunday-school we-all started, Jim?" asked one of the pioneers. "Say, I was thinkin' of that —— Sunday-school just the other day."

"Remember it? I should say I did," answered his friend. "How we used to march them —— kids right down the middle of the street, us with rifles on each side, to see, by ——, that no —— —— Mormon kep' our —— kids from gettin' a fair chance at salvation, just as good as any —— Mormon."

They were earnest, but not consciously either sacrilegious or profane; and the story is true verbatim.



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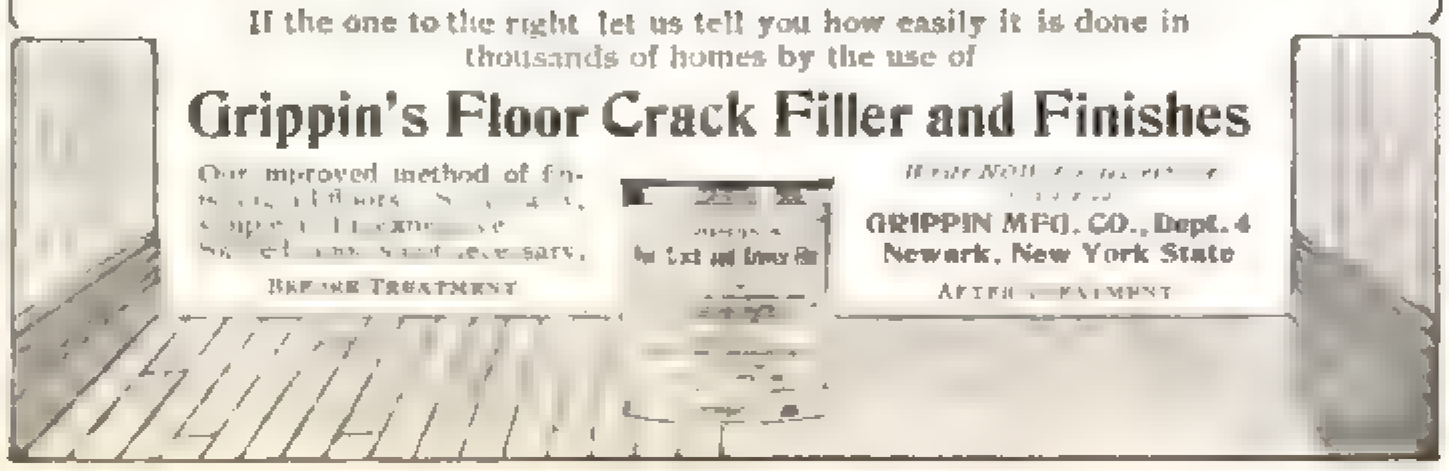

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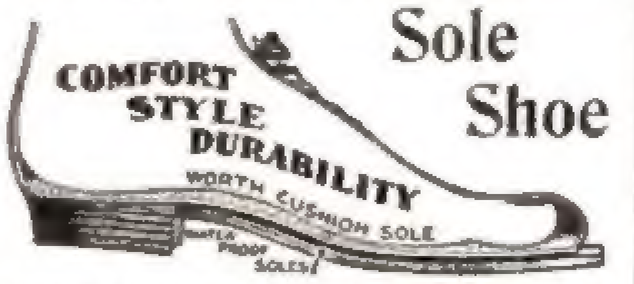

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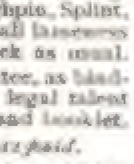

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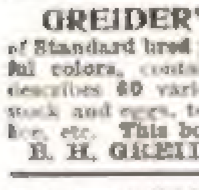

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The Incomplete Amorist

(Continued from Page 11)

The men had heard nothing, but following hard on her words came the sound of footsteps along the little corridor and an agitated knock on the door.

Vernon opened the door—to Betty.

"Oh—come in," he said cordially, and his pause of absolute astonishment was brief as an eye-flash. "This is delightful——"

And as she passed into the room he caught her eyes and, looking a warning, said: "I am so glad to see you. I began to be afraid you wouldn't be able to come."

"I saw you in the Bois the other day," said Lady St. Craye, "and I have been wanting to know you ever since."

"You are very kind," said Betty. Her hat was on one side, her hair was very untidy, and it was not a becoming untidiness either. She had no gloves, and a bit of the velvet binding of her skirt was loose. Her eyes were red and swollen with crying. There was a black smudge on her cheek.

"Take this chair," said Vernon, and he moved a comfortable one with its back to the light.

"Temple—let me present you to Miss Desmond."

Temple bowed, with no flicker of recognition visible in his face. But Betty, flushing scarlet, said:

"Mr. Temple and I have met before."

There was the tiniest pause. Then Temple said: "I am so glad to meet you again. I thought you had perhaps left Paris."

"Let me give you some tea," said Vernon.

Tea was made for her—and conversation. She drank the tea, but she seemed not to know what to do with the conversation.

It fluttered, aimlessly, like a bird with a broken wing. Lady St. Craye did her best, but talk is not easy when each one of a party has a separate secret preoccupying interest, and an overlapping interest in the preoccupation of the others. The air was too electric.

Lady St. Craye had it on her lips that she must go—when Betty rose suddenly.

"Good-by," she said generally, looking round with miserable eyes that tried to look merely polite.

"Must you go?" asked Vernon, furious with the complicated emotions that, warring in him, left him just as helpless as any one else.

"I do hope we shall meet again," said Lady St. Craye.

"Mayn't I see you hóme?" asked Temple unexpectedly, even to himself.

Betty's "No, thank you" was most definite.

She went. Vernon had to let her go. He had guests. He could not leave them. He had lost wholly his ordinary control of circumstances. All through the petrifying awkwardness of the late talk he had been seeking an excuse to go with Betty—to find out what was the matter.

He closed the door and came back. There was no help for it.

But there was help. Lady St. Craye gave it. She rose as Vernon came back.

"Quick!" she said. "Shall we go? Hadn't you better bring her back here? Go after her at once."

"You're an angel," said Vernon. "No, don't go. Temple, look after Lady St. Craye. If you'll not think me rude?—Miss Desmond is in trouble, I'm afraid."

"Of course she is—poor little thing. Oh, Mr. Vernon, do run! She looks quite despairing. There's your hat. Go—go!"

The door banged behind him.

The other two, left alone, looked at each other.

"I wonder——" said she.

"Yes," said he; "it's certainly mysterious."

"We ought to have gone at once," said she. "I should have gone, of course, only Mr. Vernon so elaborately explained that he expected her. One had to play up. And so she's a friend of yours?"

"She's not a friend of mine," said Temple rather ruefully, "and I didn't know Vernon was a friend of hers. You saw that she wouldn't have my company at any price."

"Mr. Vernon's a friend of her people, I believe. We saw her the other day in the Bois, and he told me he knew them in England. Did you know them there, too? Poor child, what a woebegone little face it was!"

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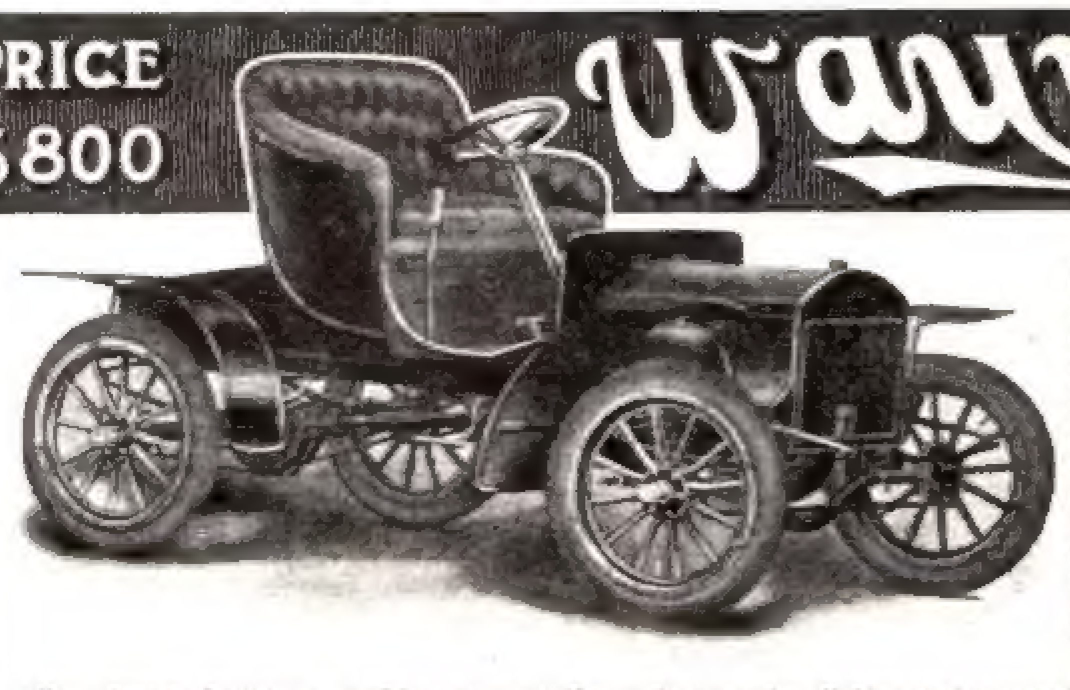

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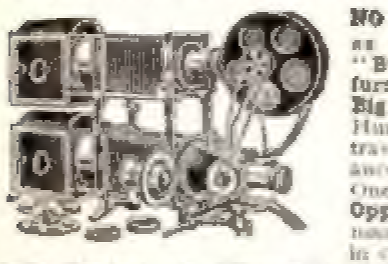
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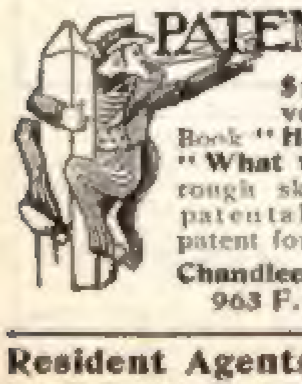
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"No, not in England. I met her in Paris about a fortnight ago, but she didn't like me from the first, and our acquaintance broke off short."

There was a silence. Lady St. Craye perceived a ring-fence of reticence round the subject that interested her, and knew that she had no art strong enough to break it down. She spoke again suddenly.

"Do you know you're not a bit the kind of man I expected you to be, Mr. Temple? I've heard so much of you from Mr. Vernon. We're such old friends, you know."

"Apparently he can't paint so well with words as he does with oils. May I ask exactly how flattering the portrait was?"

"It wasn't flattering at all. In fact, it wasn't a portrait."

"A caricature?"

"But you don't mind what people say of you, do you?"

"You are trying to frighten me."

"No, really," she said with pretty earnestness; "it's only that he has always talked about you as his best friend, and I imagined you would be like him."

Temple's uneasy wonderings about Betty Desmond's trouble, her acquaintance with Vernon, the meaning of her visit to him, were pushed to the back of his mind.

"I wish I were like him," said he; "at any rate, in his painting."

"At any rate—yes. But one can't have everything, you know. You have qualities which he hasn't—qualities that you wouldn't exchange for any qualities of his."

"That wasn't what I meant; I—the fact is, I like old Vernon, but I can't understand him."

"That philosophy of life eludes you still? Now, I understand him, but I don't always like him—not all of him."

"I wonder whether any one understands him?"

"He's not such a sphinx as he looks!" Her tone betrayed a slight pique. "Now, your character would be much harder to read. That's one of the differences."

"We are all transparent enough—to those who look through the right glasses," said Temple. "And part of my character is my inability to find any glass through which I could see him clearly."

This comparison of his character and Vernon's, with its sudden assumption of intimacy, charmed yet embarrassed him.

She saw both emotions and pitied him a little. But it was necessary to interest this young man enough to keep him there till Vernon should return. Then Vernon would see her home, and she might find out something, however little, about Betty. But if this young man went, she too, must go. She could not outstay him in the rooms of his friend. So she talked on, and Temple was just as much at her mercy as Betty had been at the mercy of the brother artist in the rabbit warren at Long Barton.

But at seven o'clock Vernon had not returned, and it was, after all, Temple who saw her home.

Temple, free from the immediate enchantment of her presence, felt the revival of a resentful curiosity.

Why had Betty refused his help? Why had she sought Vernon's. Why did women treat him as though he were a curate and Vernon as though he were a god? Well—Lady St. Craye, at least, had not treated him as curates are treated.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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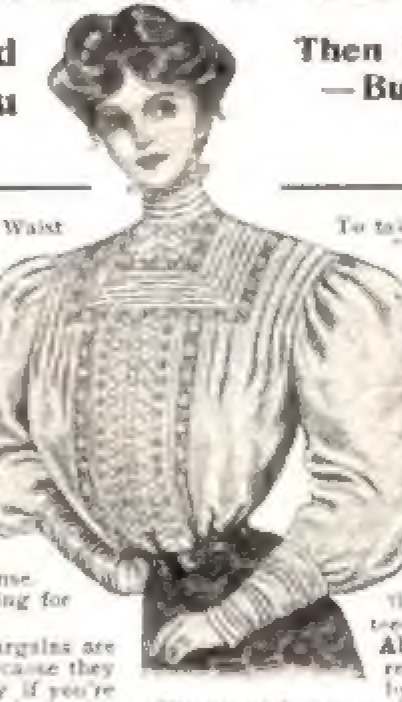
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Oven Thermometer

Send Postal for Catalog No. 152

You can save from 20% to 40% by buying a Kalamazoo Stove or Range—direct from our factory, at lowest factory prices on **360 Days Approval.** We pay freight charges and give you a $20,000 bank bond. You save all the dealer's and middlemen's profits. More than 50,000 in use. Send for names of our customers. Why pay the dealer's extra profit? Why not *save* that money? Remember we guarantee that you cannot get a *better* stove or range at *any price*, and give you 360 days to *prove it.* All we ask is that you compare our prices, our guarantee and Kalamazoo quality with any other in the world. We ship promptly, freight prepaid, blackened, polished, and ready for use.

KALAMAZOO STOVE COMPANY, Manufacturers—Not Dealers. **Kalamazoo, Mich.**
All our Ranges and Cook Stoves are fitted with patent oven thermometer—saves fuel—makes baking easy.

Wurlitzer
U. S. Lettered
FINGERBOARD
10c Post-paid

With it, **any** one can learn to play **Guitar, Mandolin, Banjo or Violin** quickly, without a teacher. Instantly attached. **Special Offer**—Fingerboard and celebrated "Howard" Self-Instructor, regular price, 50c, postpaid, for 25c. State kind of instrument. Big, handsome, musical textbook, with prices on every known instrument if you state article wanted. Write **to-day. FREE**

The Rudolph Wurlitzer Co., 172 E. 4th St., Cincinnati, Ohio

Southern California
For reliable information, enclose five cent stamp to
The Chamber of Commerce, Los Angeles, California

MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER
A Positive Relief —For—
Chapped Hands, Chafing
and all **skin troubles.** *"A little higher in price perhaps than imitations, but a reason for it."* Delightful after shaving and after bathing. Sold everywhere, or mailed on receipt of 25c. Get Mennen's (the original). *Sample free.*
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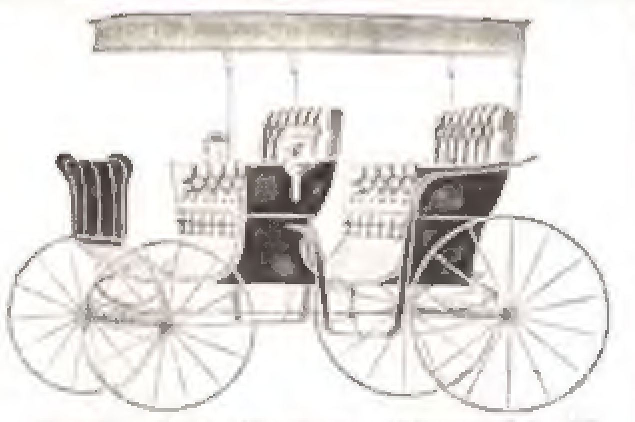
Registered Trade Mark
FLAT CLASP
ALL SILK

BRIGHTON
Flat Clasp Garter

for solid comfort. The newest shades and designs of one piece, silk web, not mercerized cotton. All metal parts nickeled, cannot rust. 25 cents a pair, all dealers or by mail.

PIONEER SUSPENDER CO., 718 Market St., Philadelphia.
Makers of Pioneer Suspenders.



No. 309. Canopy Top Surrey. Price complete, $83. As good as sells for $35 more.

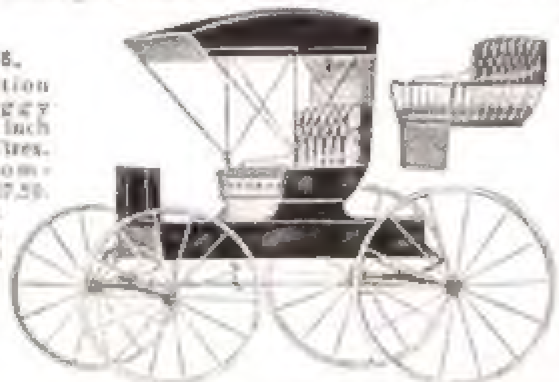
33 Years Selling Direct

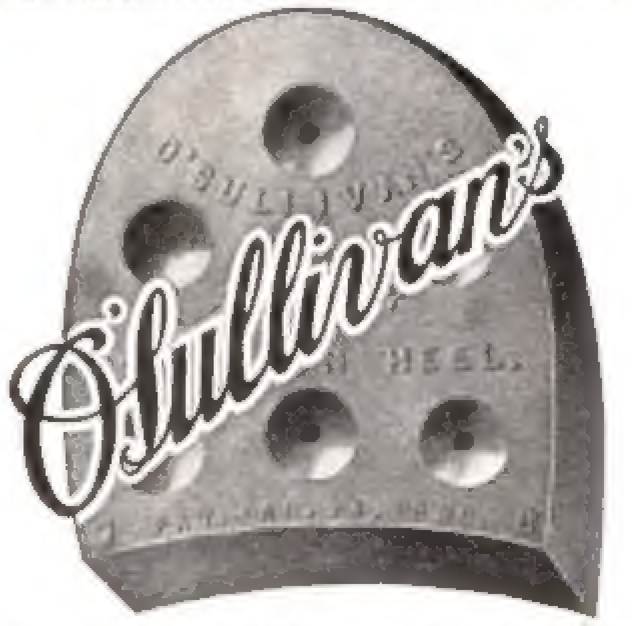
Our vehicles and harness have been sold direct from our factory to user for a third of a century. We ship for examination, approval and guarantee safe delivery. You are out nothing if not satisfied as to style, quality and price.

We are the Largest Manufacturers in the World selling to the consumer exclusively. We make 200 styles of Vehicles, 65 styles of Harness. Send for large free catalog.

Elkhart Carriage & Harness Mfg. Co., Elkhart, Indiana

No. 636. Combination Top Buggy with ⅞ inch Rubber Tires. Price complete, $67.50. As good as sells for $25.00 more.





Heels of New Rubber

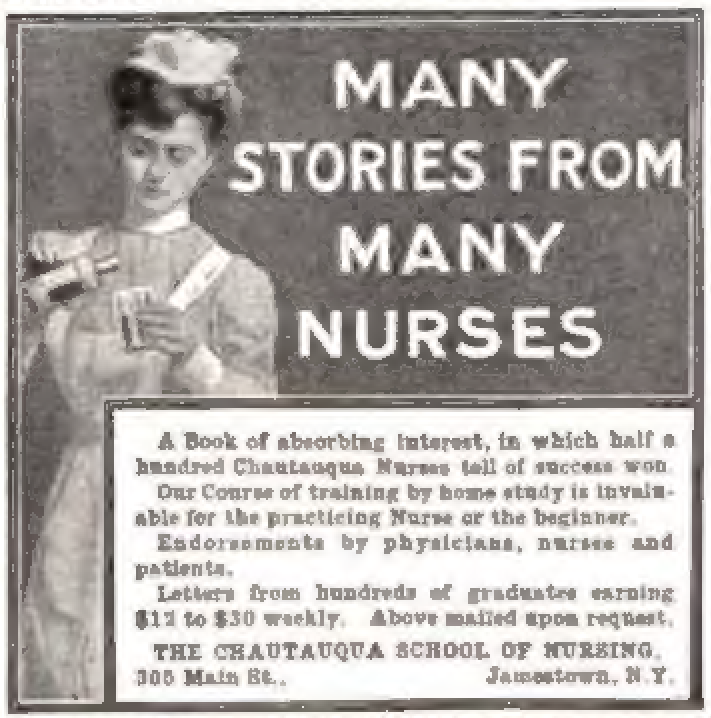
What is it that you aspire to in life?

Health is the first consideration. Rubber heels procure more health to the square inch than anything in evidence. That's a fact!—my teacher told me so, and he told me to teach it to my friends.

I dislike to admit that rubber heels are a benefit, but I have to. Come down to business and be honest with yourself,—rubber on your heels is the correct thing. Be sure and secure O'Sullivan's: they are the only heels of New Rubber. Remember the name when ordering—don't cost you any more.

Any dealer or the makers,

O'SULLIVAN RUBBER CO., Lowell, Mass.



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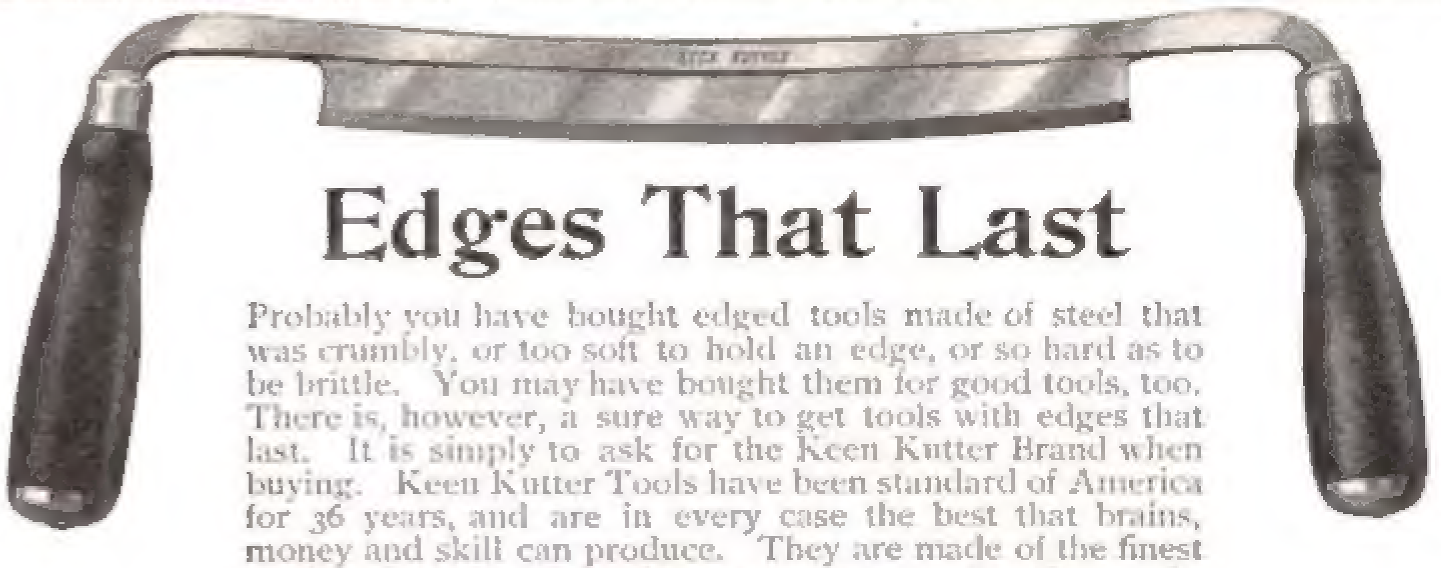


Edges That Last

Probably you have bought edged tools made of steel that was crumbly, or too soft to hold an edge, or so hard as to be brittle. You may have bought them for good tools, too. There is, however, a sure way to get tools with edges that last. It is simply to ask for the Keen Kutter Brand when buying. Keen Kutter Tools have been standard of America for 36 years, and are in every case the best that brains, money and skill can produce. They are made of the finest grades of steel and by the most expert tool makers. As a complete line of tools is sold under this brand, in buying any kind of tool all you need remember is the name

KEEN KUTTER

The draw knife shown here is an example of the excellence of Keen Kutter Tools. It has a nicety of balance and "hang," which has never been successfully imitated, and it is made of the best steel ever put into a draw knife. In all the years that we have sold this tool we have never heard of one defective in any way. Yet the Keen Kutter Draw Knife is no better than all other Keen Kutter Tools.

The Keen Kutter Line was awarded the Grand Prize at the St. Louis Fair, being the only complete line of tools ever to receive a reward at a great exposition.

Following are some of the various kinds of Keen Kutter Tools: Axes, Adzes, Hammers, Hatchets, Chisels, Screw Drivers, Auger Bits, Files, Planes, Draw Knives, Saws, Tool Cabinets, Scythes, Hay Knives, Grass Hooks, Brush Hooks, Corn Knives, Eye Hoes, Trowels, Pruning Shears, Tinners' Snips, Scissors, Shears, Hair Clippers, Horse Shears, Razors, etc., and Knives of all kinds.

E. C. SIMMONS KEEN KUTTER TRADE MARK

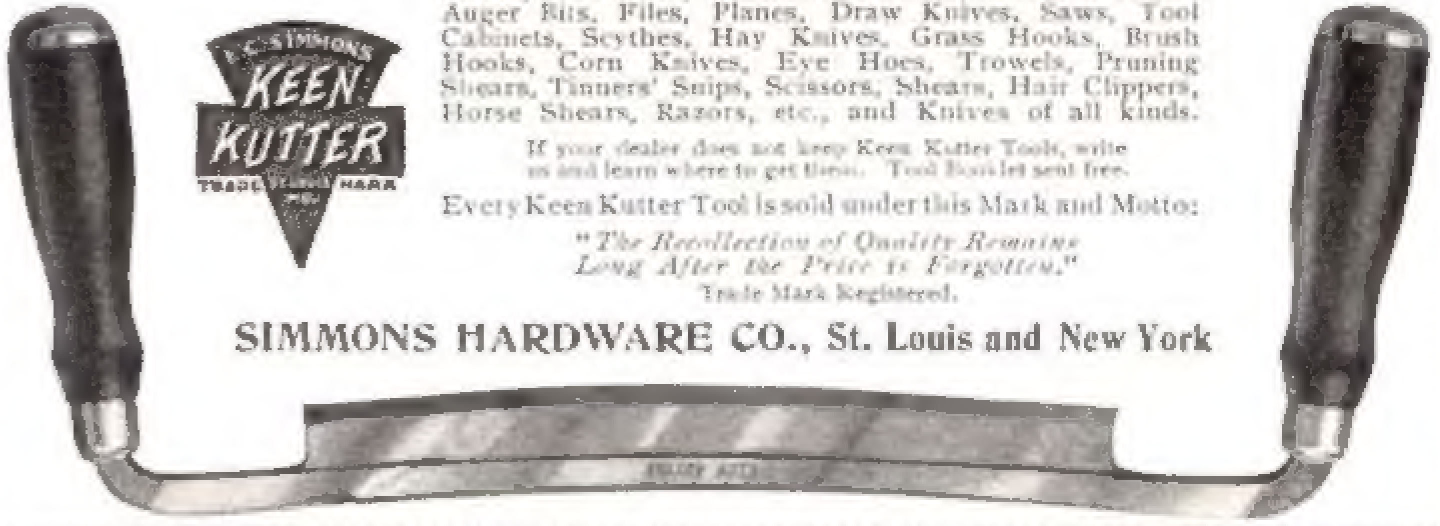
If your dealer does not keep Keen Kutter Tools, write us and learn where to get them. Tool Booklet sent free.

Every Keen Kutter Tool is sold under this Mark and Motto:

"The Recollection of Quality Remains Long After the Price is Forgotten."

Trade Mark Registered.

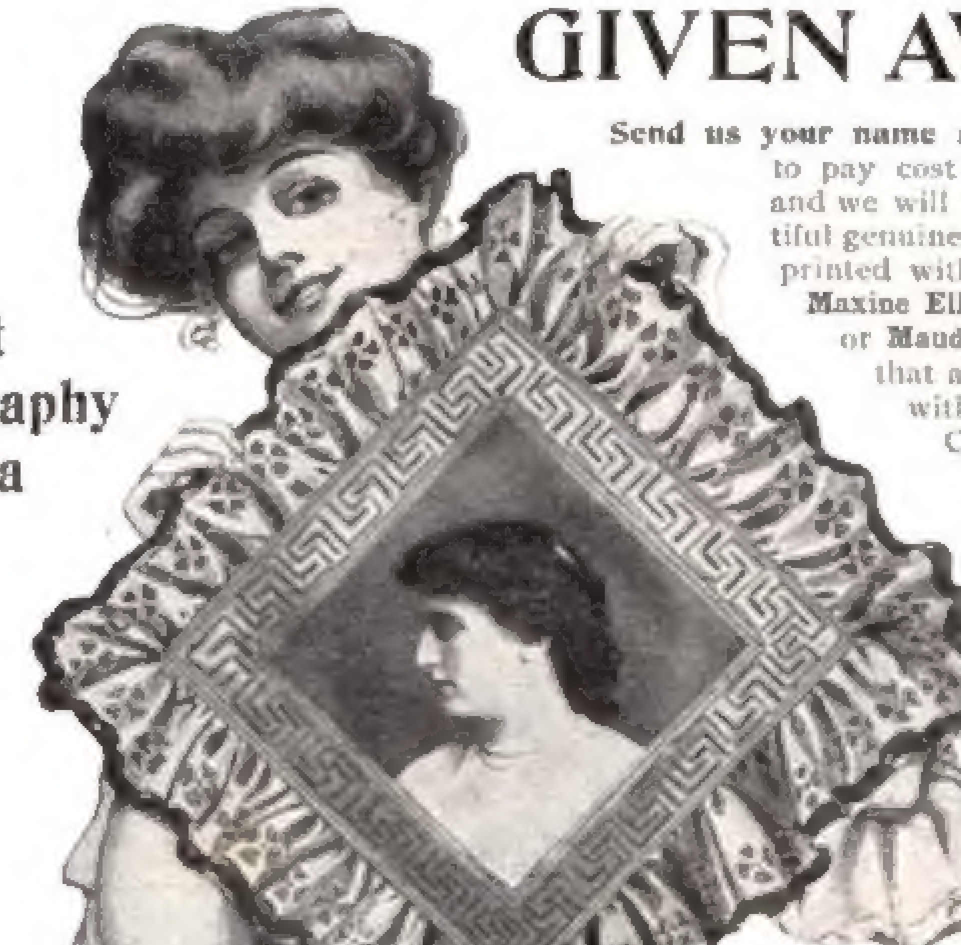
SIMMONS HARDWARE CO., St. Louis and New York



Plush Pillow Top

GIVEN AWAY

The Newest Pyrography Idea

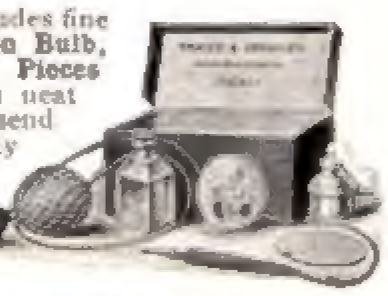


Send us your name at once, with 25c. to pay cost of shipping, etc., and we will send you this beautiful genuine **Plush Pillow Top,** printed with artist's sketch of **Maxine Elliott, Julia Marlowe,** or **Maude Adams,** ready so that any one can burn it with handsome effect. Choice of **old gold, tan, or light green plush.** Size, 17 x 17 in. Same burned, **$1.50.**

Only one top given away [illegible] address.

SPECIAL

Our No. 97 $2.50 Outfit Only $1.65



This splendid outfit is complete for Burning on plush, wood, leather, etc. Includes fine **Platinum Point, Cork Handle, Rubber Tubing, Double-action Bulb, Metal Union Cork, Bottle, Alcohol Lamp, Two Pieces Stamped Practice Wood and full directions,** all in neat leatherette box. Ask your dealer—or we will send C. O. D. If you like it when you get it, then pay our **special price.** When cash **accompanies order** we include, **free,** our **84 P. Pelican instruction Handbook** (price 25c.), the most complete pyrography **handbook published.**

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Contains 92 pages (12 in three colors) with 2,000 illustrations, including actress heads, designs by Gibson and other good artists, on articles of wood, leather, and plush, of every description; also shows our extensive line of Pyrography Outfits and Supplies. This is the largest and most elaborate pyrography catalog ever published.

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WRITE FOR IT TO-DAY

THAYER & CHANDLER, 160-164 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago

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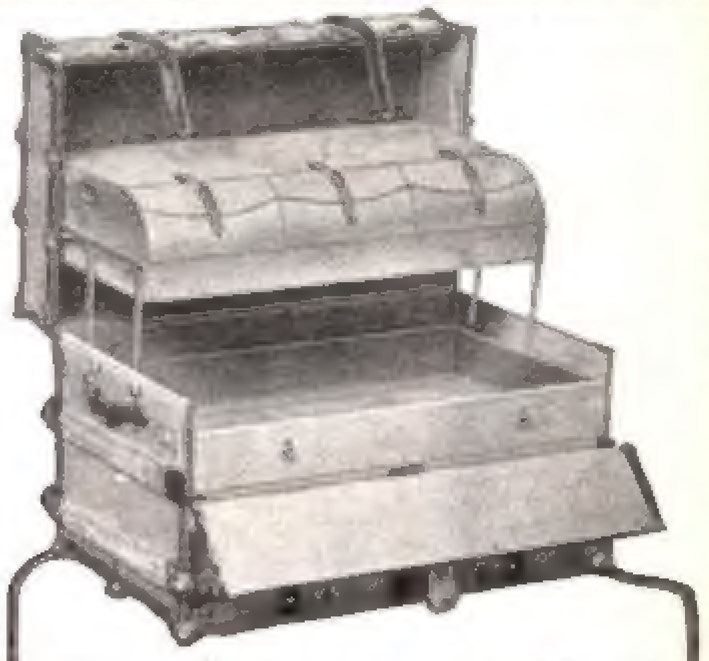
CHINA PAINTING

FREE Our new 68-page catalog P 68, illustrating nearly 2,000 different pieces of white china, also a complete line of materials and supplies for china painting at the lowest prices. Write today.



The A. B. C. Automatic Trunk

Raise the lid and you raise the upper tray; drop the front and the second tray slides in and out; easy access to everything.

Style No. 1601, like cut above, $20.00

Write for "Tips to Travellers," illustrating our complete line of Trunks, Bags and Suit Cases.

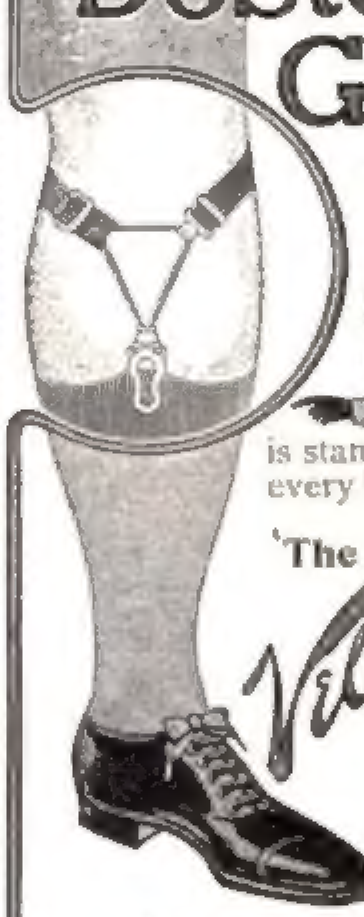
Abel & Bach Co.
Largest Makers of Trunks and Bags in the World
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

ABC

This label on every genuine A. B. C. Trunk, Bag or Suit Case.

THE IMPROVED

Boston Garter



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Refuse all Substitutes offered you

The Name is stamped on every loop—

The *Velvet Grip* Cushion Button CLASP

Lies Flat to the Leg—Never Slips, Tears nor Unfastens

Sample pair, Silk 50c., Cotton 25c. Mailed on receipt of price.

Every Pair Warranted

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Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

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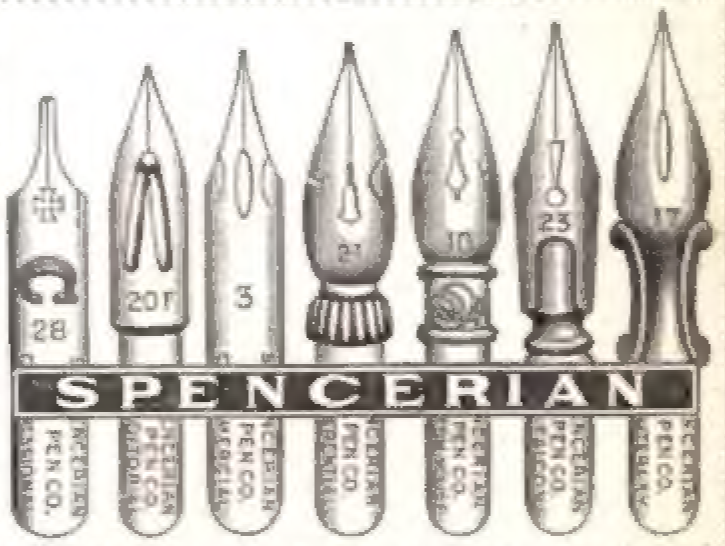

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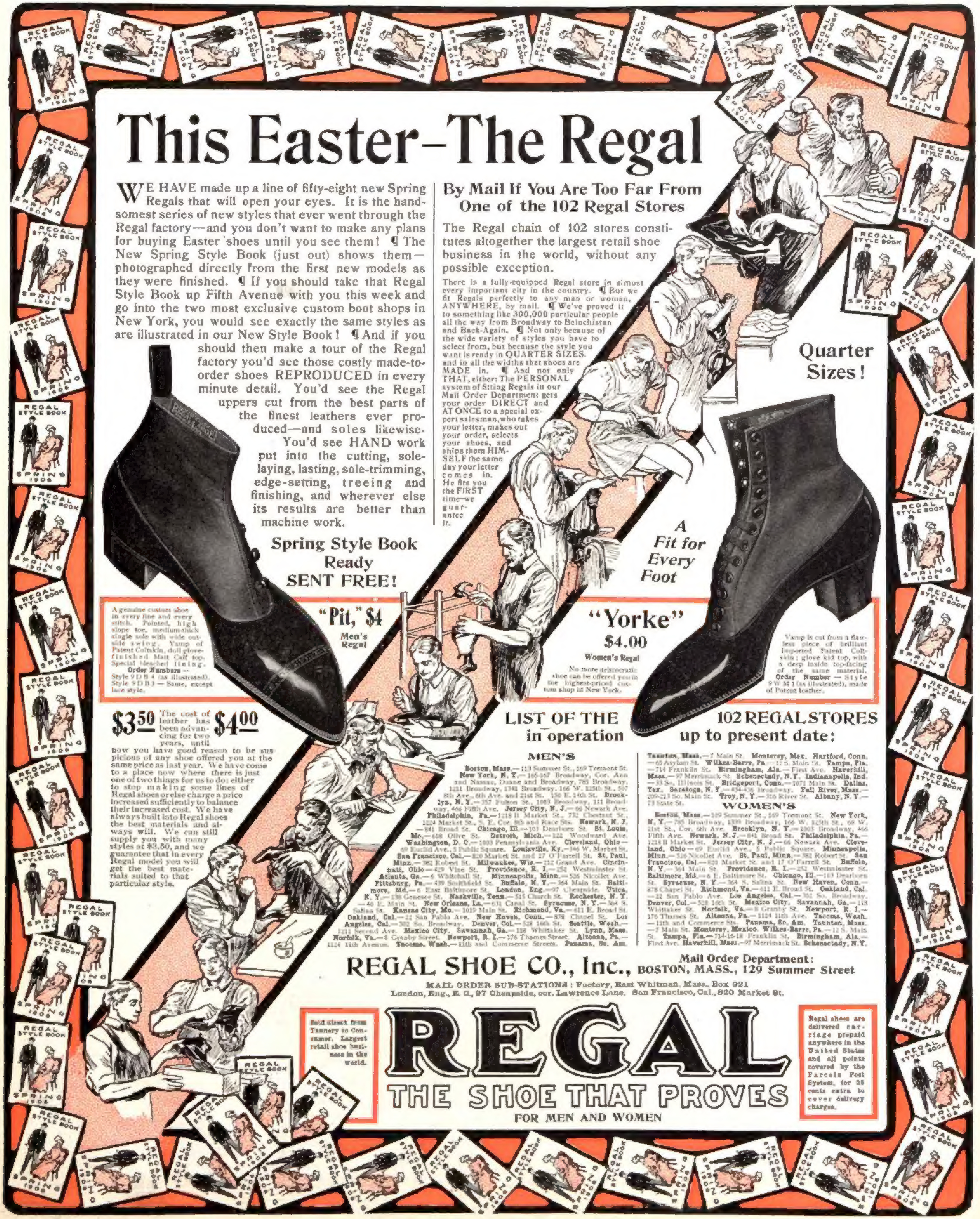

This Easter–The Regal

WE HAVE made up a line of fifty-eight new Spring Regals that will open your eyes. It is the handsomest series of new styles that ever went through the Regal factory—and you don't want to make any plans for buying Easter shoes until you see them! ¶ The New Spring Style Book (just out) shows them—photographed directly from the first new models as they were finished. ¶ If you should take that Regal Style Book up Fifth Avenue with you this week and go into the two most exclusive custom boot shops in New York, you would see exactly the same styles as are illustrated in our New Style Book! ¶ And if you should then make a tour of the Regal factory you'd see those costly made-to-order shoes REPRODUCED in every minute detail. You'd see the Regal uppers cut from the best parts of the finest leathers ever produced—and soles likewise. You'd see HAND work put into the cutting, sole-laying, lasting, sole-trimming, edge-setting, treeing and finishing, and wherever else its results are better than machine work.

By Mail If You Are Too Far From One of the 102 Regal Stores

The Regal chain of 102 stores constitutes altogether the largest retail shoe business in the world, without any possible exception.

There is a fully-equipped Regal store in almost every important city in the country. ¶ But we fit Regals perfectly to any man or woman, ANYWHERE, by mail. ¶ We've proved it to something like 300,000 particular people all the way from Broadway to Beluchistan and Back-Again. ¶ Not only because of the wide variety of styles you have to select from, but because the style you want is ready in QUARTER SIZES. and in all the widths that shoes are MADE in. ¶ And not only THAT, either: The PERSONAL system of fitting Regals in our Mail Order Department gets your order DIRECT and AT ONCE to a special expert salesman, who takes your letter, makes out your order, selects your shoes, and ships them HIMSELF the same day your letter comes in. He fits you the FIRST time—we guarantee it.

Spring Style Book Ready SENT FREE!

A genuine custom shoe in every line and every stitch. Pointed, high slope toe, medium-thick single sole with wide outside swing. Vamp of Patent Coltskin, dull glove-finished Mat Calf top. Special bleached lining.
Order Numbers—
Style 9 D B 4 (as illustrated).
Style 9 D B 3—Same, except lace style.

"Pit," $4

Men's Regal

"Yorke" $4.00

Women's Regal

No more aristocratic shoe can be offered you in the highest-priced custom shop in New York.

Vamp is cut from a flawless piece of brilliant Imported Patent Coltskin; glove kid top, with a deep inside top-facing of the same material. **Order Number**—Style 9 W M 1 (as illustrated), made of Patent leather.

$3.50 **$4.00** The cost of leather has been advancing for two years, until now you have good reason to be suspicious of any shoe offered you at the same price as last year. We have come to a place now where there is just one of two things for us to do: either to stop making some lines of Regal shoes or else charge a price increased sufficiently to balance their increased cost. We have always built into Regal shoes the best materials and always will. We can still supply you with many styles at $3.50, and we guarantee that in every Regal model you will get the best materials suited to that particular style.

LIST OF THE 102 REGAL STORES in operation up to present date:

MEN'S

Boston, Mass.—113 Summer St., 169 Tremont St. **New York, N. Y.**—165-167 Broadway, Cor. Ann and Nassau, Duane and Broadway, 785 Broadway, 1221 Broadway, 1341 Broadway, 166 W. 125th St., 507 8th Ave., 6th Ave. and 21st St. 150 E. 14th St. **Brooklyn, N. Y.**—357 Fulton St., 1003 Broadway, 111 Broadway, 466 Fifth Ave. **Jersey City, N. J.**—66 Newark Ave. **Philadelphia, Pa.**—1218 Market St., 732 Chestnut St., 1224 Market St., S. E. Cor. 8th and Race Sts. **Newark, N. J.**—841 Broad St. **Chicago, Ill.**—103 Dearborn St. **St. Louis, Mo.**—618 Olive St. **Detroit, Mich.**—122 Woodward Ave. **Washington, D. C.**—1003 Pennsylvania Ave. **Cleveland, Ohio**—69 Euclid Ave., 5 Public Square. **Louisville, Ky.**—346 W. Market St. **San Francisco, Cal.**—820 Market St. and 17 O'Farrell St. **St. Paul, Minn.**—382 Robert St. **Milwaukee, Wis.**—212 Grand Ave. **Cincinnati, Ohio**—429 Vine St. **Providence, R. I.**—252 Westminster St. **Atlanta, Ga.**—6 Whitehall St. **Minneapolis, Minn.**—526 Nicollet Ave. **Pittsburg, Pa.**—439 Smithfield St. **Buffalo, N. Y.**—364 Main St. **Baltimore, Md.**—6 East Baltimore St. **London, Eng.**—97 Cheapside. **Utica, N. Y.**—138 Genesee St. **Nashville, Tenn.**—515 Church St. **Rochester, N. Y.**—40 E. Main St. **New Orleans, La.**—631 Canal St. **Syracuse, N. Y.**—364 S. Salina St. **Kansas City, Mo.**—1019 Main St. **Richmond, Va.**—611 E. Broad St. **Oakland, Cal.**—22 San Pablo Ave. **New Haven, Conn.**—878 Chapel St. **Los Angeles, Cal.**—302 So. Broadway. **Denver, Col.**—528 16th St. **Seattle, Wash.**—1221 Second Ave. **Mexico City. Savannah, Ga.**—118 Whittaker St. **Lynn, Mass. Norfolk, Va.**—8 Granby Street. **Newport, R. I.**—176 Thames Street. **Altoona, Pa.**—1124 11th Avenue. **Tacoma, Wash.**—11th and Commerce Streets. **Panama, So. Am. Taunton, Mass.**—7 Main St. **Monterey, Mex. Hartford, Conn.**—65 Asylum St. **Wilkes-Barre, Pa.**—12 S. Main St. **Tampa, Fla.**—714 Franklin St. **Birmingham, Ala.**—First Ave. **Haverhill, Mass.**—97 Merrimack St. **Schenectady, N.Y. Indianapolis, Ind.**—33 So. Illinois St. **Bridgeport, Conn.**—1071 Main St. **Dallas, Tex. Saratoga, N. Y.**—434-436 Broadway. **Fall River, Mass.**—209-213 So. Main St. **Troy, N. Y.**—326 River St. **Albany, N. Y.**—73 State St.

WOMEN'S

Boston, Mass.—129 Summer St., 169 Tremont St. **New York, N. Y.**—785 Broadway, 1339 Broadway, 166 W. 125th St., 68 W. 21st St., Cor. 6th Ave. **Brooklyn, N. Y.**—1003 Broadway, 466 Fifth Ave. **Newark, N. J.**—841 Broad St. **Philadelphia, Pa.**—1218 Market St. **Jersey City, N. J.**—66 Newark Ave. **Cleveland, Ohio**—69 Euclid Ave., 5 Public Square. **Minneapolis, Minn.**—526 Nicollet Ave. **St. Paul, Minn.**—382 Robert St. **San Francisco, Cal.**—820 Market St. and 17 O'Farrell St. **Buffalo, N. Y.**—364 Main St. **Providence, R. I.**—252 Westminster St. **Baltimore, Md.**—6 E. Baltimore St. **Chicago, Ill.**—103 Dearborn St. **Syracuse, N. Y.**—364 S. Salina St. **New Haven, Conn.**—878 Chapel St. **Richmond, Va.**—611 E. Broad St. **Oakland, Cal.**—22 San Pablo Ave. **Los Angeles, Cal.**—302 So. Broadway. **Denver, Col.**—528 16th St. **Mexico City. Savannah, Ga.**—118 Whittaker St. **Norfolk, Va.**—8 Granby St. **Newport, R. I.**—176 Thames St. **Altoona, Pa.**—1124 11th Ave. **Tacoma, Wash.**—11th and Commerce Sts. **Panama, So. Am. Taunton, Mass.**—7 Main St. **Monterey, Mexico. Wilkes-Barre, Pa.**—12 S. Main St. **Tampa, Fla.**—714-16-18 Franklin St. **Birmingham, Ala.**—First Ave. **Haverhill, Mass.**—97 Merrimack St. **Schenectady, N.Y.**

REGAL SHOE CO., Inc., BOSTON, MASS., 129 Summer Street
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THE SHOE THAT PROVES
FOR MEN AND WOMEN

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